



Published Monthly, by Wilson & Company, 162 Nassau Street, New-York.

NUMBER TEN.

OCTOBER, 1842.

ONE DOLLAR A-YEAR.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

Since the last chapter of Gossip was prepared for this periodical, quite an encouraging change has come over the aspect of political and financial affairs in this country. A tedious and protracted session of the national legislature has closed, the longest in the annals of the country. The reasons of this very long session are among the peculiar features of the political history of our times: Hitherto any party in the nation having a plurality of votes has been able, by union with one or more of the smaller divisions to carry all before it; and it has hence happened that the men and measures, most vehemently assailed have still succeeded, through want of unanimity among their opponents, in getting on in maintaining place.

In the last Presidential canvass a new system was introduced. The outs, instead of dividing among themselves, all united against the ins. They waived minor matters of dispute, and united in the one point in which all were agreed, that the *ins* must be thrown out. The last administration was dispossessed by a majority almost unparalleled, and the nominal majority of the successful party was immense. But by an afflicting dispensation of Divine Providence, the only man who united these politicians of different shades was removed by death. The successor was a gentleman to whose political views and opinions little comparative consequence had been attached, as no instance had occurred since the adoption of the constitution, in which the political opinions of the vice President had been of any real moment to the party which had elected him. Upon assuming the duties of the Presidency Mr. Tyler was soon involved in difficulties inextricable, the origin and history of which are matters too complex for treatment in this place. This incompatibility between the executive and the majority in Congress, aided by the impracticability of a portion of the leading politicians delayed, embarrassed, and paralyzed the movements of the majority, in the manner which the national impatience has long witnessed.

At last, however, the legislators have agreed upon something, and the session has closed. Some of the measures pronounced cardinal and necessary are yet un-enacted; but the people are relieved by the settlement of others, the uncertainty relative to which had long kept the nation in embarrassment, and business at a dead stand. In saying this we wish to be understood as speaking not in approval or in condemnation of the acts of any party, considered as such, but as expressing the universal opinion that any settlement of our domestic questions is better than none; inasmuch as men are now enabled to understand what course to pursue in their business arrangements and negotiations.

Another great theme of national congratulation is the adjustment of the disputes with Great Britain. While war clouds were impending, and the efforts of the malicious, the thoughtless, and the interested could at any moment puff up and aggravate a war breeze, it was impossible that any thing could have a settled or satisfactory aspect. The contemplation of the bare possibility of a rupture between two great nations—the contingency that the horrors of war between men of the same pursuits, religion and language, might shock the nineteenth century—and the memory which could but force itself upon the public mind of the inevitable horrors of war, were sufficient, particularly in our disturbed state at home, to crush and depress all business efforts, and to cloud all business expectations.

Happily, we have passed through all this. The future, if it holds out

no extravagant promises, bids fair to reward industry with a moderate and suitable return. The industrial and financial condition of states, of communities, and of individuals is improving, and we shall enter upon the next year with better anticipations, and, we trust, with more palpable and solid realities, than have cheered the heart for many a day.

That the next session of Congress may be noisy and exciting, there is little doubt, but there is also quite as little that any vital or important change will be effected in the national policy. The executive, and the various parties in Congress, understand each other, and the nation understands them. The next, a short session of Congress, may be barren of results, but that very absence of great events will be a most salutary event in itself. We need nothing now so much as rest, and trust that rest may be found.

In literary matters, what the approaching annual book season will do for us, has not yet transpired. It is probable that the book trade, like all others, will feel a portion of the activity which the favorable changes we have noted, have given to all classes of business. The publication of light literature, as commenced by this establishment, is still successfully continued, and holds out the promise of being a permanent business. Our readers cannot now need to be advised of the manner in which the novels are issued, as there can hardly be a corner of the country into which the Jonathan editions of new novels are not sent. They are printed on a double sheet, uniform in page and appearance with the Dollar Magazine and with the Jonathan, and bind to advantage with either. The price is only one shilling for each, or, where a dollar is remitted, copies of ten successive novels are sent to the address designated. They are charged with newspaper postage only; and we need hardly say to our friends that the payment of postage, or the frank of a postmaster on letters sent to this establishment is an indispensable preliminary.

Among the varied contents of this number, will be found articles from some of the best pens which have contributed to the polite literature of the age. The romantic Venitian Legend we have thought worthy of being accompanied with a copy of the spirited engraving with which the English publication was illustrated, and accordingly give it as a frontispiece to the number.

THE VENITIAN BRIDES.

In the early days of the Venitian Republic, there existed a custom borrowed from earlier antiquity. On a certain day in the year the affianced maidens of Venice, rich and poor, noble and plebeian, walked in procession, attired in robes symbolical of their virgin purity. The poor had dowers from the state—small, but as large relatively to their condition as were settled upon the daughters of the noble and the wealthy.

The annual day selected for the procession of the betrothed and their friends was that of the Purification of the Virgin, on the second of every February; and the year in which the event commemorated took place was that of 944. Numerous contemporary and successive authorities allude to the pomp and circumstance by which it was attended, to give peculiar force of example to the scene. Many of the brides were related to noble houses; the state dowers, the magnificent presents of the several friends of the parties, with emulous pride exhibited, and the presence of several illustrious strangers, gave more than usual attraction to the approaching fete. The slender dower to each of the poorer daughters of the state was carried by them in a little coffer, called *Arcella*, in those simpler days sufficient to hold their entire fortune; for, according to the old chronicle, it was not the custom to make a trade of the affections, though they were glad to do so of every thing else, being a remarkably exact and mercantile people, with their eye upon the property of other states as well as their own. Twelve of the higher ranks were headed by

the Doge, the council and its attendants in state; and it was customary for the whole procession first to enter the church in the little island of Olivolo, where they awaited their bridegrooms, surrounded by throngs of spectators, and heard the mass, followed by a discourse upon reciprocal duties, which we had rather leave to the imagination of our fair readers, the oratory of the Fra Agostino Longovento being, like that of our humorous friend Friar Gerund, not a little inclining to the lengthy. The bishop confirmed each pair in good matrimonial behavior; gave them his *benediction*, when immediately each *Benedict*, having finished a world of ceremonies, took his companion by the hand, and, with their new dower, they made the best of their way to enjoy themselves with the feast, the song and the dance, in their own little festive circle at home.

Such was the customary usage; but it did not reach that pleasant point without interruption on that day, just ushering in the palmy tide of Venetian power. Her various islands are peopled thick as with a race of moiling ants; forests of shipping thronged her shores, and the remote islet of Olivolo was fixed upon as the reunion of the pride and beauty of Venice, little dreaming how near to them lay concealed the mysteries of fate, the no longer dreaded pirate bands, so recently worsted by the great Dandolo—

"That hush'd in grim repose expect their evening prey."

Arrayed in white, with veils flowing to their feet, and the peculiarly rich and full costume, which gives at once grace and dignity to the figure, the patrician brides, literally gem and diamond spangled, shone with resplendent beauty, more remarkable from the contrast it offered to the simple unadorned graces of the less elevated class. The utmost splendor and variety of decorations gave additional zest to the festival; the most sacred solemnities partook of the nature of a carnival in old catholic times, combining every species of game, and dance, and carol. Not a soul but was put in requisition for some inventive faculty. When, as they were on the point of descending from the portico of the temple, anticipating the fullest zest to their wild, innocent mirth,—a rush of feet, the rough voice and the sight of fearful-looking men, each rushing on his prey, threw strange consternation throughout the glad and festal scene. Suddenly as a whirlwind it came over the proudest of rising cities—founded on the sea—that had defied and escaped the vengeance of the Roman and the Goth, and was now bearded in its temples and palaces by a band of desperate adventurers—by robbers and pirates. The spouse of the sea, the Cybele of nations, could it suffer the stain of dishonor to rest upon it—a track of darkness, of dread, of shame, to the invincible and free? Were they, the scourge of the sea robbers, to suffer this? Already the wealth and beauty of their city were borne by sacrilegious hands upon the sea—by hands of men whom they had met, discomfited, and driven from their open haunts into the creeks and corners of the world. The thought was madness; for they knew that their daughters, wives, and sisters would instantly be carried to enrich the seraglios of the infidel—the most hated of all enemies, who kept Venice in continual alarm.

Long and silently had the most daring of the foiled sea-booters watched their opportunity of revenge,—to strike a blow at the lords of the isles, who seemed ambitious of subduing the whole world. The project was as daringly executed as it was conceived: at the dead of the night, preceding the festive scene, the pirate chiefs and their crews, mostly composed of Renegades, succeeded in concealing themselves in the small canals and creeks opening from the sea at Olivolo. To carry off such a prize of Venetian beauty would at once make their fortunes, and inflict a fearful revenge—an indignity, of all the most galling for such a people to bear. With equal craft and coolness they burst upon their victims ere joined by their lovers and friends, when headed by the Doge and the magistrates, arrayed in all the paraphernalia of bridal costume. It was the work of a moment: the shrieks, the brief struggle, the capture, and the sight of the pirate boats putting out to sea, conveyed the first intelligence that daughters, wives, and sisters, were in the power of their inhuman ravishers. The only farewell was the cry of despairing brides, heard fainter and fainter as it came borne upon the breeze over the waters. What an agonizing moment!

One, however, had been present who in the midst of danger remained still unappalled; it was the Doge himself—the Great Candian III., who took one hurried glance of the pirates at the point where their vessels lay; and soon was heard the grand tocsin, the lion bell of St. Mark, rung only in moments of immediate peril. Then was heard the rush of gathering thousands towards the shore, and the pirate race began. Throwing himself into one of the first boats, the Doge had but one order upon his lips, "*Seguitte in traccia*, follow, follow!" the breeze rose brisker as they strained every nerve, but it favored their pursuers as well.

One prayer to their patron saint rose within the hearts of all, that they might catch the robbers before they had time to crouch within their predal lairs. But it was not long the Doge Pietro held the head of the piratical chase;—Andrea d'Cappelli pressed onward in the van of the free trades and artisans of Venice, ready to peril all for the sake of love and vengeance. Andrea was only a plebeian, but he was one of nature's nobles, and an impassioned lover; and it now became interesting to observe the emulation awakened in the aristocratic sons and brothers who beheld their brides borne by common pirates from their sacred homes.—The young Dandoli, the Cornari, the Foscoli and the Conti, vied with the trade to bring the ravishers first to action, but the Cappelli had marked the vessel which contained their brides, and their efforts were almost superfluous. The ship of Ali Bey, the pirate chief, was the first to present its prow to the trade boats, which rushed on to board her.—The action took place near Caorle, and it was fierce as it was brief and

decisive. That vessel first struck its colors to the Cappelli; a tacit reproach of the lords, which announced the superiority or good fortune of the people. To give this more marked distinction, Andrea held his youthful bride in one arm, in the other the head of the pirate chief; and shouts rent the air which proclaimed the victory throughout the wide seigniory of Venice. Not a pirate escaped; it was the triumph of fidelity in the heart of a bold and simple people.

Had it not been for the speedy death of the robber chief, Ali Bey, the contest would have been more prolonged. It was a blow to the pride of the lords as well as the pirates, when the heads of the latter exhibited at the prows of the vessels, counted more than two for one in the boats of the common sailors and fishermen of the thousand isles. Not a pirate boat escaped which they attacked; they completed their work before the patricians; for, with a noble and magnanimous fidelity which evinced the love of their order, instead of assisting the grantees they attacked the violators of their own laws, and were the first, amidst the shouts of the entire city, to bear them back to their nuptial homes. The Doge had the nobleness and good tact to honor the precedence thus won by the commons; crowned with laurel wreaths and garlands, the same with which they had thrown themselves on their bridal prowess, they now marshalled their way back with their young wives and the heads of their too daring ravishers, to their happy friends and relatives. Young Andrea and his bride were received with the acclamations of every rank; for all feelings of jealousy were for the moment lost, and the dance and revelry were renewed.

The bodies of the pirates were, by order of the Doge, thrown into the sea, while their heads remained the trophies of their conquerors. The little gate by which they returned from the pursuit was named the *Porto delle Donzelle*, which it bears to this day.

It is surprising how an event of this unforeseen nature gave fresh impulse to the Venetian fame; and the lovely and beautiful rescued from the terrors of an ignominious slavery, felt increased pride and delight in giving their hands to men who had known so well how to defend them.

The first work of the Council was to strike a medal in honor of the artizans of Venice—of that Andrea who led lords and princes the way to honor, and first clasped his virgin bride as he trampled upon the lifeless corpse of his country's enemy. More than this, it was the triumph of the people—it was one of the plebeian class that had honored his country; and to ingratiate themselves with the rising Venice, the Grand Council placed him in the road of patrician honors, and adopted his bride the daughter of their common country. Urged by the people, they appointed also an annual carnival on the eventful second of February, when the attack took place; and as Andrea, his bride, and his brave companions, were natives of the isle sacred to the lovely Virgin—Santa Maria Formosa—it was stipulated, as a bond of enduring interest between the patricians and the people, that the celebration of the lovers' victory, armed only with crowns of flowers and the spirit of resistless love and glory, should take place in this less secluded and romantic spot, from whose open and populous shore no sea adventurers dare rush on their intended prey. As the well-remembered day came round, the Doge was invited to preside at the annual celebration of the festival, to which he consented. "You have fairly won your saint's day, and holidays to follow it," was his reply. "*Benedetta sia La Maria Formosa*, and her islands of lovely brides and brave men!" and from that hour to the last day of the republic, the Doge, attended by the Signoria, went in procession to the same church of Santa Maria, where he was presented by the inhabitants of the island with *Cappelli*, hats of golden straw, with flasks of malvazin and some *ceranci*. What an idea of happy and unstudied simplicity, observes the historian, in those golden times! Among the few changes which the festival underwent, it formally assumed the name of *Festa delle Marie*; it also became highly patrician in its character as well as national; and it still continued to be celebrated on the day of the Purification. Strangers from all sides hastened to witness its happy and innocent rites, for never pirate again placed foot upon the citadel isles of the sea. The festal day, in truth, became a carnival such as was never equalled in any part of Italy, which continued upwards of eight days; it received the name of *Ludi Mariani*; and the Marian Games, like the *Megalesi*, the *Cereali*, the *Floreal*, and so many others became a theme for the poets.

During these eight days, twelve among the loveliest maidens were escorted with all pomp and honor through the city, and they were selected equally from different parts, having equal votes assigned to them on the score of virtue as of loveliness. It was the province of the Doge to confirm the choice made; the respective parishes furnished the state and decorations of the festival, and the nation gladly supported a festival which each day supplied a new spectacle. They also made expeditions by sea, where they were received in state by the Doge in his Bucentaur.

It is humiliating to human pride to trace the progress of corruption in the best and most innocently devised ceremonies, which had their origin in the purest and grandest motives. It is with reluctance we are bound to add, that with the alteration of early customs and manners, women of a very different or rather indifferent character found their way into the places of the pretty *Marie*; till at length the patience of the magistrates and of the people became alike exhausted; wooden images were substituted, and instead of being attended, like the bride of Venice, with pomp and circumstance, they were heartily pelted by throngs of boys and girls;—as if to show that the influence of beauty must have an end.

* A kind of fruit. The event also formed the subject of a noble poem by Carlo Gozzi and his friends.

PATTY LARKSPUR'S WATCH.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"I beg your pardon, Madam; but you are a little too fast."
 "I think, Sir, you are a little too slow."
 "No, Madam—no, indeed."
 "Are you sure you are right, Sir?"
 "As the sun, Madam—as the sun."
 "Well, I confess it—I am one of the giddiest things at a watch!"
 "Will you, Madam, permit me to regulate your chronometer by mine?"
 "O, Sir, with pleasure—with many thanks."
 "Diamonds, doubtless?"
 "They ought to be."

There appears but little in the above courteous interchange of words; and yet, as we hope to make the reader confess, they were the prologue to a most important drama. "Will you, Madam, permit me to regulate your chronometer by mine?" That so polite, so urbane an offer, should ever meet with an ill reward!

Henry Snow was a placid bachelor of two-and-forty. The whole world was to him one green spot, in which comforts grew thick as daisies. Cupid had very often aimed at him, but never shot. "I hate that Mr. Snow—he's so polite!" was the hasty expression of a young lady in the five-and-twentieth year of Mr. Snow's age—Henry at the time having affability for a bevy of thirty women; and, a justice that is sometimes very annoying, scrupulously sharpening his politeness among all.—Not one young lady gained half a look, an approach to a smile, more than another. Now, there is an implied invulnerability in such conduct very galling to the enemy. But so it was with Henry Snow; he would hand his heart, so to speak, in slices to a large circle, and with the same agreeable equanimity that an undertaker walks round with funeral cake. However, Achilles had his heel—and Henry Snow met Patty Larkspur.

To a contemplative mind autumn brings a sweet and bitter melancholy. The leaves, "thin dancers upon air," do not take our thoughts to Taglioni; and the wind, moaning, sobbing through the branches does not carry us to the last new opera. It is highly necessary that the reader should pay due attention to this, our profound reflection, inasmuch as he will then the more deeply sympathise with our hero, believing the very season to have taken part with Patty Larkspur against him. Not that we are disposed to undervalue the single power of the lady; we think it more than probable, from the knowledge of her great spirit of enterprise, that at any quarter of the year, Henry Snow must have fallen; still, had it been spring instead of autumn, we are inclined to think he would have made a longer fight of it. We have said that, to all men of any degree of sensibility, autumn brings its gentle sadness; but in a bachelor of two-and forty there arises a peculiar train of reflection: he begins to doubt the efficacy of a warming-pan contrasted with other means of effecting the same result; his housekeeper begins to merge her deference to the master in friendship to the man; there are twenty delicate household appeals, too delicate to be shaped into language. In a word, it was the beginning of autumn when Henry Snow, bachelor, sat, in the Hastings coach, opposite to Patty Larkspur, spinster. That the ruin of man should be complete, there was no other passenger, save a large brown pointer, the favored property of the lady. Poor Henry Snow!

The reader has doubtless, pondered on the heroic feats of some happy child of Mars; has seen him—his white plume conspicuous in the *melee*—with a hundred Damascus blades playing like sunbeams about his unhurt head; has seen a whole troop discharge their carbines at him, to the waste of powder and shot, the hero still unwounded. Covered with laurels he returns to his home; he is deemed by all men unconquerable, invulnerable—nothing can withstand him, nothing can hurt him. Alas, for the end! The unsathed victor, with no thought of war and death, and in an evil hour carelessly takes an old rusty pistol from the shelf, loaded and overlooked for twenty years. The flint is worn, the trigger stiff, and the powder damp; and yet the conqueror, by an unlucky motion of the finger, fires the pistol, and its contents meet again in his heart. Unfortunate Henry!—we mean, unhappy conqueror!

We began our mournful narrative with a short dialogue. The coach was running towards Hastings, the horses, like the steeds of Neptune, snuffing the sea, when Patty Larkspur, looking at her watch, pronounced it to be six o'clock.

"I beg your pardon, Madam," said Henry Snow, "but you are a little too fast." And then ensued the conversation which we have already faithfully registered; and which, for the sake of middle-aged bachelors—for it is in the middle state of bachelorship that the animal is in the greatest peril from his pursuers—we would we could cut in leaves of brass. We have given the words; but we have yet to describe—if, indeed, we can—the action with which Patty Larkspur took the watch from her side, and placed it in the open palm of Henry Snow. And first, a few words on the person of the fair. We can find no other word, and yet we are loth to call any lady plump; it is a word fitter for pullets than for virgins. However, in the poverty of our language—for we care not to be beholden to France for a phrase—we must call Patty Larkspur plump; nay, she was very plump. The truth is—and we have hugged it so close that we have nearly stifled it—the truth is, Patty Larkspur was fat. She had large blue eyes, which, when showing themselves to the best advantage, looked as one of her lovers once informed her, like violets blown upon! She had a very fresh color—very fresh; her red morocco Prayer-book was not redder. Her hair hung over her forehead and down her cheeks, like twenty corkscrews turned into flax. Her little

comfortable nose was of the shape and size of that diminutive specimen of the mushroom which market-women call the button. Such was the face of Patty Larkspur; but it was a face highly varnished up with smiles. Nevertheless, beneath those smiles—difficult as it was for the sagacity of man to go so far—there was a terrible energy in the woman. But smiles, smiles were her weapons; a story of her girlhood cast the shadow of the coming woman.

Patty Larkspur and Matilda Larkspur were the daughters of a small grocer at Uxbridge; now grocers are the especial victims of Beelzebub, known in learned writ as the god of flies. It was the pleasing duty of the two sisters to waylay, knock down, or in any manner destroy the flies lured by the sweets of their paternal home. A trifling reward repaid the best destroyer. Matilda caught her victims in stale small beer; but Patty always carried off the prize, for she made war with melted sugar. Matilda died an old maid; for she ignorantly thought that the hearts of men were to be cut through, as Hannibal made through the Alps, with vinegar; whilst Patty Larkspur—but let us not anticipate her interesting history.

"Will you, Madam, permit me to regulate your chronometer by mine?" asked Henry Snow, in the fulness of his innocence.

"O, Sir, with pleasure—with many thanks," said Patty Larkspur; and taking her watch from her side, she gave it to Snow, as if she were making a present of that best estate in this world's paradise, the female heart. Could she have truly and absolutely conveyed away that precious immovable, she could not have smiled with deeper meaning. Such was the outward manifestation of Patty Larkspur; but—shall we say it!—as she gave the watch to the mature bachelor—shall we confess, that on the retina of Patty Larkspur's mind was painted, not a spare biped of two-and-forty, but that some association of ideas carried her back to the days of her youth—to the home of her father at Uxbridge; and that she saw in Henry Snow—such tricks does errant fancy play the most innocent!—a large blue fly approaching the fatal sugar? As he touched the regulator, she saw him close to the luscious perdition; and when he had performed his task, and looking in her face, held out the watch—the fly had tumbled in and was lost for ever! Again Patty Larkspur smiled, as she saw her victim vainly struggling in an ocean of sweets.

We have no doubt that, on the part of Patty Larkspur, it was love at first sight; an accident that, however finely handled, has never, in our uneducated opinion, been properly described. It is, however, very difficult to note the many freaks committed by people in that most interesting situation. We have read much upon the subject, and are almost convinced, from certain eloquent passages, that love, taken suddenly, operates like laughing gas; making men—according, we presume, to their nervous system—run at whatever may be before them; grin from ear to ear; knock their heads upon the mute earth; receive love's arrow as a juggler swallows a sword, wriggling most affectingly as the weapon enters him; run round and round, like a dog in the laudable pursuit of his own tail; shout, scream, cry "boh!" sneeze, or, indeed, commit any extravagance made pathetic by the occasion. Why is history silent on the interesting topic? When Petrarch first met Laura in the church of Santa Clara at Avignon, on the sixth of April, in the sixth hour of the morning (and yet people preach the benefit of early rising!) in the year 1348—is it not a fact, hitherto most shamefully hushed up, that so much was he removed from the earth by the glorious vision, that he stood upon one leg for three days afterwards? We are proud of a friendship with a traveller who has seen a portrait of the divine sonneteer, taken when undergoing love at first sight. When Henry the Eighth first beheld Anne Bullen, what was his kingly conduct? Historians have deemed the matter of no account; yet did he not, passing over every form of decency, insist on playing at leap-frog with Cardinal Wolsey, the Pope being unfortunately at Rome? There is nothing of this in Hume; but if the speculations of the most approved writers on love at first sight have any truth in nature, sure we are that Henry the Eighth did not marry Anne Bullen without first jumping over the head of the "King Cardinal."—Did not Socrates, having for the first time beheld Xantippe, close his eyes until he took her for wife; when—and such phenomena have, we believe, occurred more than once—they became straightway open? When the venerable Greek judges acquitted, by the power of love at first sight, the incomparable Phryne, did they not, in the most forcible manner, display the unanimity of their opinions by vehemently smacking their lips! However, we shall defer for the task of our ripe old age "The effects of love at first sight: with instances drawn from the earliest times, and, improving on 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' with portraits of the victims."

For the present we must attend to Henry Snow and Patty Larkspur, just alighted at the inn at Hastings.

It was half past nine o'clock when our travellers entered their hotel. Patty Larkspur with a low curtesy and one of her slaying smiles, wished Snow good evening, with the additional comfort of a night's sound rest after his journey, and was shown to her room. Snow took possession of his apartment, and ate his supper in all the solitude of celibacy. However his loneliness seemed to sit as easily upon him as his dress-gown; and at eleven o'clock, being nearly a whole fowl, a pint of wine, and a glass of brandy-and-water the better man, he had serious thoughts of going to bed. To be brief, it wanted twenty minutes to twelve when Henry Snow stretched himself between the sheets and rendered himself up to sleep. Morpheus was slowly descending upon him, when he was startled hence by a sharp knocking at the door. Snow sat up in the bed and did precisely what sixteen out of twenty men would have done in

his situation; he asked, "Who's there?" Could he have divined the consequences of that question, we doubt not he would have rolled his ears up in the blankets, and have exhibited no signs of waking, "with that knocking." Poor short-sighted man! blind to fate, Henry Snow sat up in his bed, and with a loud voice repeated,—

"Who's there?"

"The lady—the lady who came down with you," answered a voice outside.

"I'm—I'm in bed," said Henry Snow, expecting the intelligence to frighten the visitor, like a partridge, away from his door. The knock was repeated. "I'm in bed," again said Henry Snow, in a tone that should have successfully appealed to the compassion of the disturber.—Another knock. A slight blush overspread the face of Henry Snow, at the pertinacity of his visitor, and then his rising fears were somewhat soothed by the recollection that the door had a bolt and a lock, of the protection of which he had happily availed himself. Snow pulled off his nightcap, and, in the perplexity of the moment, scratched his head. Another knock, applied with new emphasis, brought Snow out of bed upon the carpet. He approached the door, and putting his mouth to the keyhole, said, quite unconscious of the falsehood he uttered,—

"I tell you, ma'am, I'm in bed."

"So I thought; but, sir, if you'll only open the door!"

"Good heavens!" thought Snow, and his knees smote one another.

"But I—I have no light," said Snow.

"I have brought one," was the reply.

Henry Snow rose, turned round, and fell against the door in silent horror. "There was no escape—how to give the alarm?" was his thought. "Was there a rattle in the room?"

"I will not detain you a minute' sir," said the voice outside.

"But"—and Snow felt the blood under his very nails tingle as he put the question—"but what do you want?"

"I am sent by the lady——"

"Sent!" exclaimed Snow, relieved from a mountain of dread—"sent! and who are you?"

"The waiter, Sir; and almost as the man spoke the words the lock flew back and the bolt was drawn. Thomas, with a lighted candle in one hand, and Patty Larkspur's watch in the other, advanced into the middle of the room, Henry Snow shaking in his shirt with cold and apprehension.

"What do you want?" asked Snow, we confess a little pettishly.

The waiter smirked, and, careless of the condition of Snow, slowly delivered himself as follows, the face of the disturbed man lengthening with the communication of Thomas—

"The lady, Sir,—she's in forty-one——"

"At least," said Henry Snow; for he could not repress the malice of the insinuation.

"The lady, Sir,—she's in forty-one—was about to go to bed, when she rang her bell, and desired the chambermaid to ask me to request you, as she wished to be very particular in the time to-morrow morning, to request you, Sir, to have the politeness to regulate her watch by yours."

Saying which, the man held out the chronometer of Patty Larkspur to the stony fingers of Henry Snow; who now, with glazed eyes, looked at the face of the watch and now at the face of the waiter.

"Oh!" at last sighed Henry Snow, and he took the watch as he would have taken a serpent by the tail, and moved towards the bed for his own repeater, followed by Thomas with a lighted candle. The door had remained open, and, unfortunately, a gust of air rushing up the staircase, extinguished the light at the very moment Snow had laid his hand upon his own watch-pocket.

"Get another light, directly, Sir," said the placid waiter, doubtless inured to such accidents; for he remarked that the house was an old house, the staircases very wide, and the wind would blow. After which he quitted the room to relight the taper.

The wind cut across the legs of Snow as he stood, with Patty Larkspur's watch in his hand, ticking away with perfect indifference. Oh, Henry Snow! had thy better genius been at thine ear, it would thus have whispered thee—"Thou hast thy mortal enemy in thy hand—a living demon shut up in gilt metal; dash it to the earth, or feel thy way to the window, and fling it into the street!" But Snow's good genius, being particularly wanted, was, of course, absent; and the undone man still stood, growing colder and colder—the watch, as he thought, ticking louder and louder. At length Thomas returned with a light, and Snow compared Patty Larkspur's watch—and we must own that it was a most capricious guardian of the time—with his own; corrected it, and, tamed with the cold, returned it to the waiter without a syllable. Thomas bowed, and left the room; Snow locked and bolted the door, and, shuddering, returned to bed. His feet were quite gone, and his legs were clay. However, he was once more becoming human flesh, was again falling into the sweetest slumber; yes, another minute, and he would have been fast in the lap of sleep, when another knock at his chamber-door struck him wide awake.

"Who's there?" asked Henry Snow, in an angry tone.

"Thomas, Sir," said the waiter, without.

"Well?" asked Snow, helplessly. "Well?"

"If you please, Sir, Miss Larkspur has desired me to ask if her watch wanted regulating, or if it was quite right?"

Now, Snow, as we have before remarked, was one of the most polite men on earth, to the fair; but there did seem to him a want of consideration on the part of Miss Larkspur, in the untimeliness of her message,

and, a little piqued, he resolved to give no answer. For one minute Henry Snow was silent, when Thomas, with renewed vigor, knocked at the door.

"Was it right, sir?" bawled the invincible waiter.

"No!" exclaimed Snow, and he flung himself round in the bed, determined not to hear another syllable, and resolved that very moment to plunge into the profoundest sleep.

Thomas retired, and Snow buried his head in the pillow, doggedly fixed upon oblivion. He had advanced so far in his purpose as to close his eyes, and had nearly begun to hope for slumber, when—another knock at the door; Henry started up on his right elbow, and gasped—then he again flung himself desperately upon the bed, swathed himself like a mummy in the clothes, and resolved to lie as a man deprived of hearing. Another knock, and Snow felt stronger in his purpose—another, and a louder knock, and Snow tried to persuade himself that he was fast asleep—another knock, and he leapt up in his bed, and brayed forth—

"Who's there?"

"Thomas, Sir," said the waiter, as before.

"Well!" groaned Henry Snow, "what can you want now?"

"Miss Larkspur, Sir, has sent me about her watch. You said, Sir, it wasn't right: now, Sir, she sends her compliments, and wishes to be informed if she's too fast or too slow?"

The waiter delivered his message glibly enough, but Henry Snow, astonished by the pertinacity of the spinster, sat upright in bed, deprived of speech. Who could answer such a woman? Thomas, however, was true to his trust, and having, as he thought, given Snow full time to satisfy the query, knocked again, and again asked—

"Sir, is Miss Larkspur too fast or too slow?"

"Too fast!" cried Henry Snow, and fell back upon his bed, incapable of another word.

Thomas quitted the door, and left Snow to sleep. The mercy, however, came too late. The poor bachelor lay listening to the ticking of his own watch, and thinking that it ticked very like the watch of Miss Larkspur, until the gray dawn glimmered through his window curtains. He then fell into a sleep, only to be haunted by terrible visions. He dreamt, among other things, that he was married to a witch with all the hours marked in her visage, who insisted that they should spend their honeymoon in an eight-day clock. To this arrangement he offered so vigorous a remonstrance, that he awoke, and saw "the light of common day." He offered a short thanksgiving that there was no witch for his wife, with all the hours in her face. Had Henry Snow so soon forgotten Patty Larkspur?

It was nearly ten o'clock when Snow sat down to breakfast.

"Does that lady stay here?" asked Snow of Thomas, with a slight tremor.

"I don't know, Sir; she is now at breakfast in the next room." And the waiter departed.

Snow took refuge from the thoughts of the past night in tea and toast, and was proceeding slowly yet surely in a most ample meal, when Thomas entered, and in his hand was the inconstant watch of Miss Larkspur. Snow looked at the instrument with a sullen eye, silently awaiting the consequences.

"The lady, Sir," said Thomas, "cannot think what has happened to her watch; she bids me say that she is in the highest degree ashamed to trouble you, but fearing that—"

It was unnecessary for the man to say more; Snow took the watch, set it by his own, and returned it without a word to the waiter. He then proceeded with his breakfast. "Never again will I boast of my chronometer," thought Henry Snow; and, having finished his meal, he rose to go out. He met Thomas at the door.

"The lady, Sir, is much obliged to you; is she too fast still?"

"Much too fast," said Henry Snow, with more bitterness in his expression than in all his life he had manifested. "Tell her, Thomas, that I say she is very, very much too fast." And, with the air of a man who feels satisfied that he has by extraordinary firmness, put an end to an annoying connexion, Henry Snow took his hat, and, whistling airily, walked from the house.

We know not how it happened—let fate take the blame of it—but Henry Snow wandered to the beach, and there he stood, thinking unutterable thoughts about the sea. Whether his thoughts were of mermaids, or muscles, or of both, we know not; but sure we are that he was five fathom deep in meditation, when a fellow traveller in the Hastings coach leapt upon him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Fie, Bounce, fie!" said a lady: and it was no other than Miss Patty Larkspur, who, in the blandest accents, reproved her brown pointer, that, dripping from the sea, had jumped upon Henry Snow, who on that day wore linen trousers, the whiteness of which successfully rivalled the name of the wearer. "I'm afraid he's rather wet," said Miss Larkspur, with a conquering smile.

"A little," answered Mr. Snow, feeling the salt water penetrate to his skin.

"That is *not* a nautilus!" said the lady, desirous of a new subject, and pointing to a dead star-fish cast upon the beach.

"I think not, ma'am," replied Snow.

"I have seen a Cupid sailing in one," observed Miss Larkspur.

"I had rather see him than go passenger with him," said the bachelor, with a passing sternness of countenance.

"Not fond of the sea, sir?" asked Miss Larkspur, with a smile.

"That, ma'am, quite depends upon the way in which it is administered," answered Snow, looking ferociously at the brown pointer.

"Well, you really must forgive poor Bounce," said the lady; and then, as if pardon had been instantly awarded, she pointed to some far-off vessels, and asked with new vivacity, and another smile, "What are those beautiful little ships, no bigger than swans, in the distance? They look lovely."

"Look! mustn't trust to the looks of any thing at Hastings," said Snow.

"La, sir," cried Miss Larkspur, in momentary astonishment; and then her eyes fell upon the region of Snow's third coat button, and her mouth broke into a new smile, and she sighed, rather than said—"La, sir!"

"Great deal of contraband work here. Can't be sure of anybody: here there's no knowing the smuggler from the fair trader." And Snow, intending to look through Miss Larkspur, bent his eyes upon her; they were, however, met and defeated by the large blue orbs of the spinster. Snow felt himself vanquished; never in his life had he been guilty of such rudeness to any specimen of the fair sex; and a sense of shame, of self-reproach rose within him, as Miss Larkspur, with a melancholy smile upon her face, turned up the beach. He felt strangely tempted to follow and apologize—he positively made one step in pursuit of the maiden, when he felt anew the coldness of the sea water through his trousers, and stopped as if suddenly frozen. "Never mind! the chances are, we mayn't meet again," thought Snow; and thus meanly satisfying himself, he walked along the beach, and wooed the sun. It was four o'clock when he returned to his inn.

"Thomas, I dine out to-day, at my friend Whistleton's—but as I had no sleep last night, I shall be home for bed by nine."

Thus spoke our bachelor, and having equipped himself for dinner, he betook himself to the house of his friend, where his pattern propriety, his urbanity, his tempered conviviality, made him a special favorite.—Mrs. Whistleton had, for ten years at least, given it as her fixed opinion that there was but one Henry Snow in the universe. There was not, there never had been, there never could be, so correct a gentleman.—Such was the enviable reputation of our bachelor up to the hour of seven in the evening, when, so malignant was fortune, Henry Snow was made to descend from his pedestal, and to range himself with, we fear, that numerous class of people, strongly suspected to be no better than they should be. The clock had struck seven, and Snow was glowing with the first bottle of wine, when a servant entered, and whispered our bachelor,

"A man wants me!" said Snow—"what man?"

"That is, sir, not a man, but—"

"But what?" asked Snow with a perplexed look.

"I was told to whisper to you," said the servant, "but since—"

"Whisper! Pooh! Speak out," said Snow.

"Then, Sir," said the footman, "it's a lady!"

"A lady!" exclaimed Snow, and he blushed with a prophetic sense of his danger.

"Hem!" cried Mr. Whistleton; and after a low chuckle and a steadfast look at Snow, he said, "John, show the lady in."

"No, no," said Snow; and then he resolutely added, "if you please, shew her in." John quitted the room, and our bachelor was proceeding to inform his host of his suspicions respecting the visitor, when the servant returned.

"The lady, Sir, won't come in; she's in a hired chaise, Sir, taken by the hour, Sir—but as the man disputes the time, and, as she says, she knows she can depend upon your watch, will you tell her if she's too slow or too fast?" Saying which, John put Patty Larkspur's well-known time-piece in the palsied hand of our astonished bachelor.

"Too fast,—much too fast," said Snow, and he returned the corrected watch. The servant having left the room, Snow, amidst the smothered laughter of Whistleton and half-a-dozen bosom friends, began to narrate the history of his first meeting with Miss Larkspur, of his boasting in an evil moment of the unerring qualities of his own watch, and of the events of the preceding night.

"I couldn't have thought it of you," cried Whistleton, purple in the face with laughter. Another elderly gentleman chirped and crowed at "Harry being found out at last." A third tried to look solemn, and advised Snow "to be more careful in such matters for the future;" whilst one and all were stout in their belief that "the lady wouldn't have come there for nothing,—there must be something in it."

In his walk from Whistleton's house to his tavern, Snow had formed his resolution,—he would, the very next morning, retreat from Hastings. Finding the enemy too strong for him, he was determined to go off without beat of drum. "Thomas, which is the first coach?" asked Snow of the waiter.

"Six o'clock, Sir," said Thomas.

"What places, Thomas?" demanded Snow.

"Only two inside," answered Thomas.

"I'll take them both," said Snow.

"Both!" cried Thomas.

"Both," replied Snow with vehemence; and thus depriving Patty Larkspur of a seat in the same vehicle with himself, he felt secure of future quiet. "A glass of wine and water, and then I'll go to bed," said Snow, with a lightened heart. Thomas returned with the beverage, and having placed it on the table, with a smirk at his master, lingered. "What now?" asked Snow.

"The watch, Sir," said Thomas. "The lady wants to—"

"Give it me," cried Snow, and with the manner of a man who feels that he is performing an annoying office for the last time, he seemingly adjusted Miss Larkspur's watch by his own, and, with a smile that she herself might have envied, returned it to the man, saying, "Tell her, a little too fast." Snow retired to his room, and, ere he slept, wrote a letter, to be delivered to his friend Whistleton the next day, apologising for his unceremonious departure for Hastings. At half-past five in the morning Snow was up and arrayed for his journey. The coach drove to the door, Snow mounted the steps, and took his seat.

"All right?" said the coachman.

"Lady to come," said the porter, and to the horror of Snow, the brown pointer came gamboling along the passage of the hotel, followed by his ever-smiling mistress, Patty Larkspur. "Mr. Stanmore sent at eleven last night to say we might let his place if we could, as he didn't want to go before to-morrow," said the porter.

"All right!" repeated the coachman, to the agony of our bachelor.

"Bless me!" said Miss Larkspur, smiling very energetically through her surprise as she stared at Henry Snow. "What! and are you returning to London? How very singular! Pray, Sir, by your watch,—your excellent watch,—what is the precise hour?"

"Seven minutes past six," replied Snow, who, could he have quitted the coach unseen by his persecutress, would have gladly forfeited his luggage.

"How very singular," exclaimed Miss Larkspur, looking and smiling at her watch, "my time to a second!"

Now we must inform the reader that such unanimity between the watches was the more astonishing from an event of the past night; our bachelor having, doubtless with the best intentions, put Patty Larkspur's watch at least fifty minutes behind his own.

"Well, it is strange," repeated Patty Larkspur. "I always thought my watch was an excellent one, if properly regulated; it never went so well: but then," and, oh! the smile discharged at our hero, "but then, it was never in such punctual company!"

"Your departure is somewhat sudden, Ma'am?" asked Snow, after half-an-hour's pause.

"Very!" replied Patty Larkspur; "I had thought to be happy at Hastings for a month, but a letter followed me here, and a family affair of some delicacy has imperatively called me to London."

"Do you stay long in town, Ma'am?" asked our bachelor.

"Very uncertain," answered our spinster; and the answer destroyed the hopes of Snow, who had secretly determined on returning to Hastings in a couple of days, if assured of Miss Larkspur's detention in the Metropolis. The time passed, and at the appointed hour, the coach arrived in London.

"What's o'clock, Sir?" asked Patty Larkspur, with an ill-suppressed sigh.

"Permit me, Madam;" and Snow, resolving to be polite for the last time, corrected Miss Larkspur's watch by his own, and returning it to her, vanished like a flash of light.

"Thank you, Sir," said Miss Larkspur; but there was no one to receive her gratitude; our bachelor running at the time towards his lodging, the which he purposely arrived at through many winding passages. He had upon the road desired the guard to keep his luggage at the office until sent for.

Henry Snow had been a week from Hastings, and sitting one morning at his breakfast, his thoughts wandered to Patty Larkspur, "What a woman!" he mentally exclaimed; "well, thank my stars! it was a narrow escape; but I am at last well rid of her."

"I beg your pardon, Sir, said our bachelor's landlady, "but I forgot to give you this little parcel; it came after you were in bed last night."—Saying which, she placed a small packet in the hand of Snow, and quitted the apartment. Snow paused ere he broke the seal; it was black; he expected two or three legacies, and was, therefore, greatly shocked at the funeral color of the wax. As he sat, holding the unopened packet, the friends whom he had for the last five years expected to die, passed one by one before him. Was it his dear aunt Bridget, or that best of uncles, Jeremiah? Having nerved himself for the worst, Snow, with reverent fingers, broke the seal, and casting away three or four envelopes, drew forth a letter; something still remained: he pursued his task, and who shall tell his feelings, who shall paint his face, when Henry Snow laid his thumb and finger upon Patty Larkspur's watch! Had the woman given it to him? Was she a witch, and had she by her "so potent art," shut up some devil in the works to worry and destroy him? But there was a letter! With desperate hand he broke the seal, and, as if staring at a sheeted ghost, he looked at the contents; they were as follows—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I know you will pardon the step I have taken.—Yes, that considerate delicacy you possess for the wants and wishes of your fellow-creatures, will, I am sure, forgive the seeming liberty. I can never forget, I can never repay, your kind attentions. Deprived of the benefit of communion with you, my watch has been three times down. I cannot tell the hour; I wake and think it must be broad daylight, and I hear the watchman cry 'past two.' I have been told—a thousand times been told—that the watch was an excellent watch. In the vanity of my heart, I have thought so; but you Sir, have proved how little it is worth, how meanly I ought to value it, if deprived of your guidance,—if wanting your regulation. I fear the watch is now become wholly useless; however, if you will deign to accept it,—if, for a short month or so, you will condescend to wear it, to correct it by your own

chronometer,—to check its haste, and to urge its speed, as its wants may require, the watch may yet—by the very force of sympathy—recover its wonted fidelity, and again faithfully mark the time to her, who feels that to her, time is becoming every day more irksome. I am, dear Sir, truly yours,
 MARTHA LARKSPUR.

"P. S. If, in a month, I should not send for the watch, may I ask you still to wear it, as the legacy of one who has done with time, and begun—but my pen falters!"

The first determination of Snow was to send back the watch, and to leave his country under a false name. That he should ever have been the fool to vaunt the virtues of his own watch,—to attempt to correct the wanderings of a spinster's! And now, to be asked to wear the fiend in his pocket! No; he would instantly return it to Miss Larkspur, and with it a letter that should,—but where to find her? she had given no address, and no intelligence could Snow obtain from his landlady, whereby he might discover the melancholy owner. And then the black seal! Poor woman! she had doubtless suffered some domestic affliction: yes, that was made too plain by the postscript. She was evidently a woman of education; and—for the watch was surrounded by brilliants—of some property. These thoughts passed rapidly through the perplexed brain of our bachelor, who, in his forty-third year, was seriously perplexed for the first time. At length, he ceased to think, resigning the matter to the hands of destiny.

Henry Snow was constant in his attendance at the Institution. It was about three weeks after the receipt of Miss Larkspur's letter, that, having listened attentively to a lecture on chemistry, he was about to leave the theatre, considerably edified on the subject of acids, when a tall young man who had sat beside him during the discourse, requested the favor of his ear at a neighboring tavern. The stranger was not a man to be refused, for he had very large moustachios, with beard and hair disposed after Eastlake's best bandit; he was, moreover, dressed in a half-military style, which left it a matter of doubt, with waiters at least, whether he was a lieutenant-colonel or a major. "I believe, Sir," said the hairy young gentleman to Snow, "I believe, Sir, you have a watch in your pocket?" Now, the stranger and our bachelor were alone in a room, and Snow, in his ignorance, thought it possible that a pickpocket might wear moustachios, and therefore he merely stepped back, and returned an anxious look at the question. "Your name, Sir?" said the stranger.

"Snow, Sir, Henry Snow," said our bachelor, getting near the bell.

"I have seen the watch, sir; and now, sir, upon your honor, is it not the property of a lady?" thundered forth the stranger.

"Certainly, sir," said Snow; "and if you can tell me where the lady is to be found"—and saying no more, Snow took Patty Larkspur's watch from his waistcoat pocket; when the stranger approached him, and bending towards the chronometer, and, after surveying it through an eye-glass, he rose to his full height, and thus addressed our hero,—"Sir, you are a villain!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Snow, and he wanted breath for another syllable.

"My cousin, sir, my cousin! You are aware, sir," and the stranger twisted his moustache round his fore-finger, "that some things can only be washed out with blood! You will not deny, sir, that you know a lady named Larkspur?"

"I met her, sir, at —"

"Met her!" vociferated the young gentleman; "what! a woman is to be robbed of —"

"Robbed, sir!" cried Snow; "mind what you are about,—this watch I can prove was —"

"I spoke not of the watch, sir, but of my cousin's heart. Poor dear girl! but chance has discovered to me her betrayer,—she, patient Saint, would have died with the secret,—as she will die; but not, I thank heaven!"—and he flung up his right arm—"but not alone!"

"Is Miss Larkspur ill?" asked Snow, not knowing what to say.

The stranger smiled bitterly upon Snow, and, almost bursting into tears, exclaimed, shaking his head, "That you could see the ruin you have made! But you shall hear from me, sir, to-morrow, sir." And with this threat, Patty Larkspur's cousin left the tavern; and Henry Snow returned to his uncomfortable home, though not before he had promised a handsome reward to the waiter if he could discover for him the abode of the lady, which intelligence the man was enabled soon after to communicate, having been informed of it, though with strict injunctions to be secret, by the cousin himself.

At nine o'clock the next morning, Henry Snow stood at the door of Miss Larkspur. "Could he see her?" for he was resolved to return the watch into her own hands. "Could he see Miss Larkspur?"

The servant shook her head, and laconically replied, "Sir, she's dying." Snow started when the servant considerably added, "but if you'll give your name"—Snow complied with the suggestion, and having waited some minutes, was requested to walk "very softly" up stairs.—He entered the room, and saw Miss Larkspur, very pale indeed, seated in an easy chair.

"I am sorry, madam," said Henry Snow, and he was proceeding into his grief, when he was interrupted by "a short, shrill shriek" from the lady, and a shower of tears.

"I am afraid, sir, I have been very troublesome to you?" said Patty Larkspur.

"Not at all, ma'am," replied Snow, softened by the appearance of the spinster into a benevolent falsehood; "not at all, my purpose in calling upon you is to"

"Your cousin, ma'am," proclaimed the servant, with a look of horror.

"That rash boy! If he sees you here, Mr. Snow,—for the sake of your precious life,—I care not for myself,—but hide! hide!"

"Hide, ma'am," exclaimed our old bachelor, quite bewildered at the proposal.

"If not," said Miss Larkspur, and she spoke with a deep, solemn voice; "If not—I know his temper—there'll be murder."

"He's coming up stairs, ma'am," cried the girl.

"Hide! hide! for the love of mercy—to save blood—hide! hide!"—And Patty Larkspur—what cannot woman do for him she loves!—moved by her fears for the life of Snow, rose above sickness, and vigorously seconded by her maid, almost ere our bachelor was aware of it, twirled him into an empty closet, and buttoned the door; at the same instant, the "armed heels" of Patty's cousin were heard by Snow upon the stairs, and in another instant his terrible voice sounded in the apartment.

"William," said Miss Larkspur, weakly; she had again fallen into the chair, quite exhausted by her late exertion.

"Gracious powers! Patty, you are worse; yes, it is in vain to cheat you with hope; poor blighted flower, you are dying."

"I know it," said Patty Larkspur, "and am content to die."

"O, villain! villain!" cried cousin William, and he strode up and down the room; "but by this time he has my message, and in an hour hence—"

"What mean you, William?" said Patty; "why do you frown so—why roll your eyes—what horrible thoughts possess you?"

"I have found him," cried William, in a sepulchral note.

"Him!" said Patty Larkspur.

"Snow!" and William roared out the name, to the terror of its owner in the closet.

"Well!" cried Patty, trembling at the word.

"He dies," said William, in thorough bass.

"No, no, no, William! if it be my last effort—upon my knees I ask it—he is innocent—'tis I who —"

"Innocent! What, have I not seen you waste, day by day, since that accursed day you went to Hastings?—do I not know that (there is none but Susan here, and she is faithful)—that he took two places back to London—that you are no longer the same blithe, happy being that"—and here cousin William became very impressive,—and will not the ancestors of our house pursue me if I suffer—what is that?" And cousin William glared at Patty Larkspur's watch laid by Snow upon the table.

"The watch, Sir, the watch!" said Susan.

"And has he had the meanness—has he further insulted you by sending —"

"No, Sir, he didn't send it," said Susan.

"Not send! Why, then—he—ha!—that closet door!—what moves it?" The closet was small, and the door shutting close upon Snow, and Snow, with the threats of cousin William, beginning to tremble, proclaimed the culprit in his hiding-place.

"William!" shrieked Patty Larkspur, and fell upon her knees, when the closet-door being turned by the indignant thumb and finger of the young gentleman, Henry Snow stood in all his dark iniquity revealed.

Cousin William, after a great effort, said, with apparent composure, "Very well, Sir; follow me," and quitted the house, Patty Larkspur, however, preventing Snow from obeying the orders of her murderous cousin.

Snow was much affected by the devotion shewn to him by Patty Larkspur; like Benedick, he had "never thought to marry;" but we will not hold the reader by a long narration of the causes which prevailed upon our old bachelor: ere two hours had elapsed from the exit of the fiery William, Henry Snow had made a formal offer of his hand to Patty Larkspur, who consented to accept it, with this condition, if her life were spared.

About a twelvemonth after their marriage—for the life of Patty was spared—Mrs. Snow fell into a serious fit of illness. We know little of the domestic felicity of the pair up to that period; we only know that the husband would look at his wife's face, glance at her watch, and say, with a sigh—"Too slow, much too slow." For the watch itself, great deception—as Mrs. Snow averred—had been practised upon her: that which she had bought for pure gold, was only metal gilt; and the brilliants were, to her confusion, discovered to be only tolerable crystals. Cousin William having, as Mrs. Snow lamented, lost his patrimony at hazard, condescended to slave, and, Mr. Snow having advanced the money, to re-enter life as a linen-draper.

Mr. Snow died at sixty, having survived his wife about nine months. He had a favorite nephew, to whom he left the bulk of his property, enhanced, as he said, by this golden advice,—"George, my dear George, if you live to be an old bachelor, never—never attempt to regulate the watch of a middle-aged spinster."

GAG IMPROMPTU.—An actor in Baltimore, some years ago, having to play the Duke in Othello, and not being *au fait* in his part, found himself at fault when he came to this passage, "Take up this mangled matter at the best," and not wishing to call forth the goose from the audience, spoke it in this wise, "Take up the star-spangled banner and bear it to the West!" which drew down a burst of applause instantaneously.—*N. O. Picayune.*

CLARA AT VISEGRAD.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Of the imperial palace of Visegrad, where kings once feasted, and monks once prayed; where the voice of woman erewhile mingled with the blast of the bugle, summoning the brave and the high-born to the lists of chivalry; and the scream of the eagle, as it planed over the lofty battlements, and made shrill discord with the lute and the song that were breathed out in the bower-chamber; nothing now remains save a spacious and almost shapeless ruin. Time, and the still more ruthless ravages of human violence, have prostrated the stately halls and lofty towers of the far-famed fortress-palace; and where the armour glinted, and feathers waved, as the noble and the beautiful swept through its long galleries and gilded chambers, the bat and the owl now take up their abode, unmolested and unforbidden; while the gray lizard and the ground-lark make their dwellings among the masses of stone, on one of which the curious stranger may still trace the imperfect vestiges of costly sculpture, now crumbling into dust like that of the hand that wrought them.

At the foot of the height on which the fortress-palace stands, and immediately on the lip of the rapid Danube, which at this particular spot is wide and grand, and lake-like in its character, stands a tall tower, which in the eleventh century was the prison of King Salomon, who was invited to Visegrad by his cousin Ladislaus I., in whose favor he had abdicated, but whom he sought surreptitiously to dethrone, and who, having been informed of the treachery, veiling his just indignation under an appearance of anxious courtesy, first induced his vacillating kinsman to visit him, and finally imprisoned him in the tower on the river bank, which was at that period united to the main building by a covered way; and which even now, after the lapse of seven hundred years, is familiarly called by his name.

Suffered, rather than welcomed by his Hungarian subjects, upon whom he had been forced by Pope Boniface VIII., when on the extinction of the Arpadian dynasty that pontiff declared the kingdom to be a Romish fief, Charles Robert was indebted for the tranquil possession of his crown to the exhausted condition of the country, and the utter incapacity of the people to offer any effectual resistance to the Papal will.

The advent of the Italian monarch sufficed to terminate for a time the evils of war and bloodshed; but the discovery was soon made that the unhappy Magyars had only exchanged one misery for another; for to these succeeded immorality, and libertinage of the most unblushing description, from which the very palace of the monarch was far from being exempt, although the immediate circle of the Queen, Elizabeth, was believed to be uncontaminated by the vicious atmosphere about it.

One of the latest struggles for supremacy in which Charles Robert had been engaged previously to the date of our story, had been against Count Matthias Csaki of Transchin, when he rose in arms against the new monarch, in order to maintain his threatened rights as Palatine of Transylvania. In this attempt he was ably and bravely seconded by his Vice-Palatine, Felician Zach, a man of high courage, noble blood, and haughty impetuosity; whose sense of honor and of injury were so extreme that even the impulse of a warm and generous heart did not suffice in any case of personal wrong to restrain a spirit of indomitable revenge, which neither danger nor necessity could restrain.

Zach had been early left a widower with three fair infants: a son still too young to feel all the loss which he had experienced, and two sweet girls in whom their dead parent's beauty promised to be renewed. He was not fated, however, to preserve all these, for the little Zeba pined and sickened when she missed the light of her mother's eye and the sunshine of her mother's smile, and was soon laid beside her.

After the death of Count Transchin, the King pardoned the Vice-Palatine, of whose extraordinary courage and gallantry he was well aware; and having simply bound him never again to appear in the field in arms against him, he loaded him with favors, in order to attach him if possible to his person; adopted his young son as one of his standard-bearers, and gave to Felician himself free access to the palace of Visegrad.

The hereditary fortress of Zach was situated a short distance lower on the opposite bank of the river, and created a steep height which dominated the valley and the glorious river at its foot; and thither, after his reconciliation with the monarch, and the departure of his son, he retired with his remaining daughter Clara, whose young beauty was so extraordinary, that her father, conscious of the laxity of morals prevailing at the time among the magnates and courtiers, and jealous lest a whispering of libertinage should penetrate to her innocent and guileless ears, forbade all access to her, save with his own permission and in his own presence; and committed her to the care of a stately matron, the widow of his late seneschal.

Here she dwelt, lovely and beloved, the joy of her father's heart, and the light of his home. Her ringing laughter made merry music in his ancestral halls; and her light and bounding step was to

him more graceful than aught else on earth. Sixteen summers had Clara sported like a young gazelle beneath the sunshine, without pain in the present or care for the future; when on one occasion her father, on his return from the palace, received her fond greetings for the first time with a moody brow.

"Alas! what ails you?" asked the maiden anxiously, as she flung her white arms around his neck, and buried her face in his bosom. "You are ill—I am sure you are; for you have no smile to-day for your poor Clara."

"I am sick at heart, my child," was the reply of Zach: "I would that you were either less dear or less beautiful, my fair girl, for then I should bear our separation with more calmness."

"Separation!" echoed the maiden, starting suddenly from her father's neck: "It is impossible! Are we not everything to each other? We cannot part."

"Listen, Clara;" said Zach: "and you will understand that we have no alternative. As I reached Visegrad this morning, I was summoned to the apartments of the Queen. When I entered her presence, Elizabeth was alone with two of her ladies, and she greeted me with a kindness for which I little dreamed that I should be compelled to pay so dear a price. 'Baron,' she said, as she motioned me to approach the tapestry-frame, 'I have just learned that you have a fair daughter. Why did you never tell me this? I have always hitherto believed that the graceful boy whom his Highness, my husband, received into his service many months ago, was the only child of your dead wife; and now I ascertain that there is also a sweet girl, who must surely, in her orphaned state, require more gentle nurture than you, a soldier and a veteran, can give her. Place her near me, and I will supply to her the mother whom she has lost!'"

"Did the Queen indeed say this?" asked the astonished girl.

"She did, my child; and how think you that I replied?"

"With eager thanks, my father; did you not? I should myself have done so: for it must be so sweet to feel a mother's love!"

"Clara!" said Zach sorrowfully; "you shall hear how I answered; and would to heaven that my answer had availed!"

"Madam," said I, as I bent my knee before her; "I beseech you not to deprive me of my last hold on happiness. Deeply do I thank your highness for the honor that you would do my simple Clara, but she is all unfit for a courtly circle. The child of a widowed father, she knows nothing of life save what she has learned from the love of those around her. My fair Zeba was taken from me by death; my boy is absent on his duty; and I have but her to make the joy of my gray hairs. I do then entreat you, Madam, leave her to be still the light of my solitude."

"And what said Elizabeth," asked the maiden anxiously.

"She became cold and haughty, and told me that she would no longer delay my dutiful attendance on the King."

"Are there not many of the daughters of our nobles in the suite of the Queen?" once more inquired Clara.

"Many; nor can it be denied that she is a kind mistress," replied Zach; "and that her careful nurture has in every instance added gracefulness to beauty; and yet—"

"Yet what, dear father?"

"The old man was silent for a moment. Could he sully the young purity of his child's heart by hinting to her a knowledge of the dangers to which she would be exposed at the court of Charles Robert? He felt that he could not; and he therefore terminated the pause by folding her to his bosom, and murmuring in her ear: 'And yet I cannot bear to part from you, my child.'"

In an instant the eager light left the eye of the maiden; and she fondly returned his embrace, as she whispered: "True, true; I had forgotten that the project of Elizabeth would have involved our parting;—and we cannot, will not part, dear father."

For a few weeks the Queen forbade all recurrence to the subject of the young beauty; but her haughty spirit could ill brook that any subject, whatever might be his rank, should reject a favor at her hands; and after a time she resolved that, be the motive of Zach for refusing to entrust his daughter to her guardianship what it might, she would not be thwarted in her purpose. She accordingly accustomed the old Magnate to talk to her of Clara; of her innocence, her artlessness, and her beauty; and gradually threw off the reserve which he had previously maintained, and painted so glowingly the personal and moral perfections of the maiden, that the Queen, finding that the few who had been admitted to the fortress of Zach corroborated the praises of the fond father, became really anxious in her turn to look on the fair being whom each described as something scarcely mortal in its loveliness; and thus impelled, she at length demanded of the proud parent how he would hereafter be able to excuse himself for refusing to so beautiful a child the opportunity of that mental and social culture which only a court could give.

"Bethink you, Baron," she said impressively: "Your only daughter, pure and fair as you describe her, will have the right to mate herself with the highest and noblest in the land; but these are not the days of knight-errantry; and so long as it shall please you to play the dragon of an enchanted castle, no suitor will be

likely to disturb the solitude of your imprisoned beauty. Supposing, however, that this truth should not touch you, but that you should still hug yourself in your parental selfishness, and tell us that you would rather keep the maiden near you to be the solace of your old age; how can you repay to her, when her vigil of affection shall have terminated beside your grave, for the soulless, mindless and unloved monotony which she must thenceforth lead? I speak to you as one who honors you, and would fain serve your child; and I talk to you on this subject, moreover for the last time."

"Madam," replied Zach, as on bent knee he raised the hand which Elizabeth kindly extended towards him to his quivering lips; "I am rebuked; for I fear that too much of the heaven of self-love has indeed entered into my opposition to your gracious will. You have promised to be a mother to my child—my pure and loving child—and I hail the pledge with joyful gratitude, for she will indeed require a mother's care when—"

The old man paused. Anxious affection had hurried him on to the verge of a precipice which might have been his ruin; and he hesitated on the brink, unable either to advance or to recede.

A dark shadow settled upon the brow of Elizabeth, as she exclaimed impetuously, "While Clara Zach is under the care of the Queen of Hungary, you can scarcely fear that scathe should come to her."

"That I do not so, Madam," replied the old Magnate, at once relieved from his self-created difficulty by the hasty pride of Elizabeth; "is sufficiently demonstrated by the perfect trust with which I confide my innocent and loving child to the protection of your highness. There can be no pollution in the atmosphere breathed by the consort of Charles Robert."

"I thank you for your trust, my Lord of Zach," said the Queen, at once conciliated by the unaffected earnestness of the Magnate; "Nor am I blind to the fact that there are about every court some few base spirits whom it is well to shun. But because we see the insect feast upon the fruit which has become rotten from over-ripeness, we are not therefore to shun that which is wholesome in its maturity."

"Once more I am rebuked, Madam," murmured Zach: "but your Highness will forgive me if I am over anxious for the happiness and honor of my poor orphan."

"Call her so no longer," said Elizabeth, with one of those smiles which from a sovereign to a subject are like sunshine to the expanding blossoms; "Henceforward she shall be my care. And now, hasten homeward to your sweet Clara, and tell her that she is bidden to Visegrad at once by a mother and a queen."

She was obeyed; and it would be difficult to define the precise feeling with which the veteran Baron was possessed, as the sturdy rowers impelled his little bark across the impetuous current of the river. The reproachful indignation of Elizabeth had done much to quiet his worst fears; and as he remembered the grace and elegance of the high-born maidens by whom she was surrounded, his heart swelled with pride at the conviction that in loveliness his own fair Clara far outvied them all; while the conviction grew upon him that he had indeed no right to deprive her of the privileges which the friendship of her Queen tendered to her acceptance.

Still the pang of parting would be most bitter; for although he should be near her, and could look upon her frequently, their intercourse would, necessarily, no longer be what it had been: she must submit his affection to the thousand etiquettes and trammels of a court life; and she would have other ties and other interests than those amid which she had grown up from childhood. It was a sad and depressing thought; and it sufficed to banish from the reflections of the fond father all more dark forebodings. No dishonor had ever yet come near any one of the fair creatures by whom Elizabeth so loved to surround herself; and it was scarcely to be expected that he should continue to apprehend that such might be the fate of her, than whom the angels whom she so much resembled, could not be purer.

"Clara!" he said, as she welcomed him on his return from the fortress-palace; "Elizabeth has again asked you of me, and I have consented that for your own sweet sake, I will confide you to her care. Mine is a widowed and a dreary home; and pomp and pageant will soon replace for you the sadness and the solitude amid which you have so long lived. Yet I no not fear but that sometimes, Clara, you will dwell with affection, and perhaps with regret, upon the fond father and the fortress home which you have hitherto made your world."

"I desire none wider or dearer," murmured the maiden amid her tears.

"Bless you, my child, for the assurance!" said Zach; "but we have no alternative. There were reasons, Clara, anxious ones, which made me desire for you a humbler, and perchance a safer fate: but we cannot contend with destiny; and Elizabeth has pledged herself to be a parent to my motherless child."

For a few moments the father and the daughter wept in each other's arms, but their tears were not all bitter. Despite their affliction and their grief bright visions floated across the minds of both; and ere long they became sufficiently calm to arrange their mutual

plans, and to speculate upon the future: nor could the veteran, as he sat with the hand of the fair girl clasped in his own, and his eyes fixed upon her beautiful and expressive face, refrain at times from dreaming dreams of ambition at which his more sober reason afterwards made him smile; while Clara herself, the boundary of whose wanderings and associations had hitherto been the lordly river that laved the base of her hill-seated home, felt like one suddenly stricken by the wand of an enchanter, who was about to inhabit a new world where all was bright and wonderful.

At length the parent and child were parted. Elizabeth received in her arms the beautiful girl who was confided to her guardianship; and when Zach returned to his deserted home he felt that the light had departed from it forever!

Accustomed as she was to fair faces and graceful forms, the Queen was nevertheless betrayed into astonishment when she first looked upon the extreme loveliness of Clara. Her deep blue eyes were full of light and feeling; her long auburn tresses, as they caught the sunbeams, fell far below her waist like a shower of golden threads; and there was a pure and child-like simplicity about her beauty that assimilated well with her slight and elastic figure, her joyous laughter, and her bounding step. You would have thought to look on her that the characters of sin and shame might have been more fully written upon the leaf of a field-lily.

No marvel that the daughter of Felician Zach won her way at once to the hearts of all by whom she was surrounded. No one sorted the worsteds for Elizabeth's tapestry work like the blue-eyed fairy whose graceful mirth made an atmosphere of joy around her; while even her young companions forgot to be envious of the Queen's new favorite, as they confessed the spell of her loving simplicity.

Clara had been but three short months an inmate of the fortress-palace, and had never wandered beyond the apartments of her royal mistress, when in honor of the advent of King John of Bohemia, King Stephen of Bosnia, and Casimir King of Poland, the Queen's brother, Charles Robert held a tournament at Visegrad, to which he invited all that was great and noble in the nation. The invitation was too welcome to be disregarded; and soon it was discovered that the three hundred and fifty guest chambers being occupied by the Monarchs in whose honor the joust was to be celebrated, the champions, whatever their degree, must encamp along the bank of the river at the base of the citadel.

This necessity, far from diminishing the enjoyment of the knights and nobles collected together by so regal a festivity, added another feature of attraction to the scene; and from sunrise to sunset the delighted maidens of the Queen were stationed at the friendly casements, whence they could look down upon the snowy tents and the gallant stir about them; giving mutual information of the identity of each champion, as some one among them recognised the flutter of a familiar banner. But the most delighted of the whole beauteous band was the daughter of Felician; she, who had never hitherto beheld any military pageant more showy than the sallying forth of a party of her father's retainers, was never weary of watching the movements of the mass of glinting armor and waving plumes spread out beneath her; or of listening to the blast of the trumpet, and the neighing of the impatient war-horse.

Among the most honored of the guests was John of Hommonai, the son of the Palatine, who had during a sharp conflict saved the life of Charles Robert by turning aside the weapon of the Serbian General Milotin Urocz, when it was about to strike him down; and had also during the revolt of the Germans in Transylvania brought up the Cumanian brigades most gallantly to the assistance of the Voivode. To this brave youth, and his lordly father the Palatine, were assigned chambers in the palace, although their followers were compelled to form a portion of the encampment; and warm and heartfelt were the greetings which they received from the monarch on their arrival.

They had brought with them a gorgeous company of knights and nobles, whose jewelled armor and horse gear, lofty bearing, and chivalric lineage, made them indeed worthy to exhibit feats of arms before a company of kings; and when Charles Robert welcomed them to his court and to his presence, his spirit swelled within him, for he felt that Europe could not produce a more gallant assembly.

It was a proud conviction; and as he wrung the hand of John of Hommonai, and thanked him for the grace which he had done to the bidding of his Sovereign, he could not but confess to his own heart that even had the young noble come alone and unattended to the tourney, he would still have been its brightest ornament; for amid all that lordly crowd there was not one whose bearing, be it lofty as it might, did not fade into insignificance beside the son of the Palatine.

Strong and stately as a young oak self-planted in a genial spot, open to the sunshine and breeze of heaven; bold as an eagle soaring fearlessly amid the driving storm-clouds; yet beautiful and gentle as the dawn, which each feels is about to be succeeded by a day of light and glory—such was John of Hommonai. Above a costume richly studded with gems, he wore a panther-skin slung carelessly across his shoulders, and clasped upon his breast by a clasp of gold uniting the claws of the beast, curiously tipped with the same precious metal.

His head was bare, for he had withdrawn his *kalpak* with its heron plume as he entered the presence of the monarch; and his long black hair fell in rich curls upon his shoulders. His large black eyes flashed with gratified delight as he received the welcome which he had so nobly earned; and when at length he retired to superintend the accommodation of his followers, every lip was loud in his praise.

The lists were formed; the banners of the different champions heaved lazily in the summer wind. The four monarchs had taken their places beneath a superb canopy of crimson velvet, deeply fringed with gold, and the wide casement of the Queen's principal apartment, which opened upon the arena, being flung back, discovered Elizabeth and her ladies, all gorgeously attired, with two pages kneeling upon a cushion at her feet, holding upon a salver of burnished silver the gifts which had been prepared by herself and her attendants for the victor of the day. These consisted of a bridle embroidered with colored silks and gold, a banner of rich velvet fringed with seed pearl, and a pair of delicate gauntlets, whereon were wrought the initials of the sovereigns. The prize given by the monarch was a sword of Damascene steel, of which the hilt was encrusted with jewels; but, costly as it was, each young knight, as he glanced towards the galaxy of beauty amid which Elizabeth sat enthroned, rather coveted the fairy favors which had been wrought by such peerless fingers, than the magnificent weapon of Charles Robert.

More than one joust had terminated; more than one knight of name and rank had been unhorsed, and carried from the lists; and still the count Martin Berendi remained master of the field. He was a gallant warrior of middle age; and to him the lance was but a feather-weight, and the chances of the tourney a pleasant pastime. Again the trumpet sounded, and the heralds summoned John of Hommonai to the lists. He needed no second appeal; ere the last note of the brazen instrument died away, he had already bounded through the barrier and had flung his noble horse on his haunches, as he made his low and graceful obeisance to the assembled sovereigns. In another instant the combatants were face to face, and ready for the conflict.

In personal strength, or rather in muscular power, Berendi greatly exceeded his more youthful adversary; but he had already held his station in the lists against three comers, and was consequently a more equal match for John of Hommonai than he might possibly have been at the commencement of the tourney; although there were many present who scrupled not to declare, that the knightly skill of the Palatine's son would have rendered him under every circumstance a fitting antagonist for Martin Berendi.

Be that as it may, however, it is certain that for a considerable time they both comported themselves with such judgment and gallantry, that not even a guess could be hazarded on the probable result of the combat; the earth seemed to tremble beneath them; and their weapons glanced like meteors in the light. The friends and partisans of each watched most anxiously every turn of the combat; and it was amid loud and enthusiastic acclamations that John of Hommonai was at length declared the victor; when he ultimately succeeded in unhorsing his gallant adversary.

The gorgeous sabre was belted round him by the hands of Charles Robert himself; and then the hero of the day was marshalled to the apartment of the Queen, and received from the smiling Elizabeth the velvet banner. He was still kneeling, when a fair girl near the Queen placed in his clasp the ornamented gauntlets; and he was then about to rise in order to retire, when Elizabeth said gaily: "One moment more, Sir Knight—You are surely more brave than courteous, that you weary so soon of our poor company! Come forward, Clara; and present to Lord John of Hommonai our last and most elaborate gift."

With a cheek flushing and fading alternately, like the leaf of a hedge rose when the breeze passes over it, approached the gentle girl; so graceful in her timidity, that the young soldier felt his own hand tremble in unison with hers, as she obeyed the bidding of her royal mistress. For a moment their eyes met; and then those of Clara fell beneath the impassioned gaze of the Knight; and full of trouble for which she could not account, and anxious only to escape the observation of the circle, forgetful alike of etiquette and of the duty which should have detained her near the Queen until she should be formally dismissed, the innocent and bashful girl turned suddenly away, and fled into an inner chamber.

The festival continued for three days; and at every banquet Elizabeth appeared in regal state, and took her place between her husband and her brother, with her ladies ranged behind her, in their costume of ceremony. But the son of the Palatine, amid that splendid group, saw only Clara; and as his spirit drank in her beauty, he sighed to think that she might perchance be already promised to another.

Magnificent was the spectacle presented by the grand and spacious banquet-hall, as the attendants of the sovereigns looked down from their station upon the brilliant scene. Velvet draperies and golden cornices gave richness to the walls of the vast apartment; the marble pavement was overlaid with tapestry work; the tables were piled with vessels of gold and silver; and at the board sat all that

was noble and chivalric in four neighboring nations. Jewels flashed, and feathers flew; armour of burnished steel cast back the torch-light, and music poured forth its martial and inspiring strains; but the daughter of Felician Zach saw only, heard only, the gallant John of Hommonai, as she marvelled whether hearth held another so brave and so beautiful!

Not less attracted by the grace and gallantry of the noble Transylvanian, was Casimir of Poland; and as Charles Robert presented all the most distinguished of his guests, according to their several degrees, to the sovereigns, the Polish monarch displayed extraordinary graciousness towards Hommonai; but courteously and becomingly as his advances were acknowledged, they were unwelcome to the young soldier, who, with the quick jealousy of awakened affection, had remarked the impression which had been made upon the Queen's brother by the extraordinary beauty of Clara; and conscious that the man upon whom he already looked as a rival, possessed advantages over himself, not only by his rank, but by his relationship to Elizabeth, which must ensure to him that free access to her apartments necessarily denied to all others, he derived no satisfaction from a marked preference, which could not, under other circumstances, have failed to flatter alike his pride and his self-love.

Scarcely twenty years of age, eminently handsome, and naturally of a gay and joyous temperament, Casimir found much to interest him at the court of Visegrad. The chivalric bearing of the noble Magyars won his admiration, even while it failed to excite his emulation; and the luxurious habits of the Italian courtiers flattered his tastes and pampered appetites, already too prone to error and excess. In the eyes of Elizabeth, however, her noble-looking and high-hearted young brother was faultless. His wild and reckless spirit delighted her; and the public festivals began to appear wearisome in her eyes, because they withdrew him so constantly from her side. The fair girls about her were loud in their praises of the boy-king; and as it was a subject of which their mistress never tired, an hour rarely passed in which Casimir of Poland was not the theme of comment and discourse.

One voice only was mute in the eager chorus, and that one was the voice of Clara; but amid the volubility of the many, her silence passed unobserved. How could Clara expatiate on the graces and qualities of Casimir? She who scarcely remembered his existence; and before whose mental vision one image only floated?

At the termination of the festivities, the Kings of Bosnia and Bohemia left Visegrad with their respective suits; but the King of Poland, the Palatine and his son, as well as Lord Thomas, the Voivode of Transylvania, remained behind, in order to join in a hunt which Charles Robert had commanded to take place in the mountain-forests above the fortress of Zach. The old noble availed himself of this opportunity to invite Elizabeth and her ladies to abide with him during the continuance of the chase, in order that they might in some degree partake of its enjoyment; and it was only when John of Hommonai ascertained that the Queen, delighted at the novelty of the arrangement, had most graciously accepted the invitation of the Baron, that he began to look forward with pleasure to the prospect of a sport to which from his boyhood he had been enthusiastically attached.

With the first dawn, the whole of the royal party traversed the Danube in their gilded barges; and were received on the opposite bank of the river by the gallant troop of archers and huntsmen who had passed over on the previous day. On the shore stood also the proud and delighted Felician, his *kalpak* in his hand, and his gray hairs scattered by the breeze, ready to welcome his royal guest and her young troop of beauties. As he folded his daughter to his heart, he murmured fondly, "Once more you will be under your father's roof, my own sweet Clara—my darling child!"

For a time Elizabeth and her ladies found sufficient amusement in wandering over the old fortress, and admiring the beautiful prospects that it commanded. At their feet lay the village of Maros, basking in the sunshine, and mirrored in the giant river; while towering on the opposite shore in all the pride of its gorgeous regality, rose the fortress-palace, with its lofty keep, its strong battlements, and its watchful sentinels. As time went by, however, a new interest was awakened by the cheerful blast of the hunter's horn, as it came to them upon the wind, and was answered by the echoes of the valley; while occasionally a herd of deer, driven from their retreat by the arrows of the archers, would bound away under the very walls of the fortress, in search of safety in some more distant retreat.

The ardour of the chase led the royal party so deep into the mountains, that Charles Robert at length perceiving by the long shadows which lay along the earth, that a return to Visegrad would be impracticable until the morrow, suggested to Casimir a visit to the fortress of Zach.

"The Baron is brave and loyal," he said; "and as he must already have made courtly preparations for your sister, we shall do well to join her there. We carry our meal with us, after having nobly earned it; and the old fortress is wide enough to contain twice our number."

Proud was the satisfaction with which the veteran Magnate received the two Sovereigns and the Voivode; and although a less pleasant

feeling mingled with his welcome of the Palatine, his words were courteous, and his manner bland. It was in truth a trying position for both; for during the rule of the Count of Trenschn, Zach had often opposed Hommonai in the field, and when his party triumphed, assisted in despoiling their lands and harassing their peasantry. Since that period, although they had never met as enemies, they had looked coldly upon each other; and a feeling of dislike had been cherished between them, which rendered obligation on the one part, and hospitality on the other, equally difficult to bear and to enact.

Situated as they were, however, they had no alternative save to treat the matter as lightly as circumstances would permit; but each played the hypocrite so imperfectly that the coldness of their communion suddenly recalled to the memory of Charles Robert their ancient hostility. The evening repast was at its height, and the gentle Clara, as hostess of the castle, had just filled the goblet of the King, when turning towards the Transylvanian Prince he said earnestly:

"My Lord of Hommonai, ere I found myself safely seated on the throne of the Magyars, I had to encounter sharp strife and dangerous enemies; but when once I felt the sacred crown upon my brow, I forgot my feuds, and forgave my foes. To-night I see two old adversaries at the board beside me—need I say how gladly I should look upon them as friends?"

For a moment there was sudden and deep silence—so deep that the son of the Palatine could hear the beating of his own heart; but in the next, both the Magnates rose, and, approaching each other, extended the hand of amity amid the loud acclamations of the whole circle. The only voice that remained silent was that of John of Hommonai; for he felt as though in that reconciliation between his own parent and the father of Clara was involved his future destiny; and the joy of his spirit was so intense that he could not give utterance to a syllable.

As in pursuance of the duties of hospitality in those days, the gentle girl moved among the most distinguished of the guests, supplying their wants, and anticipating their wishes; the eyes of the enamoured young man followed her timid and graceful movements, with a passionate admiration that dyed the cheeks of Clara with a crimson blush; and once as she glided near him, he whispered, "Our fathers are reconciled; love will replace hate; and we may yet be happy."

The words were simple, but the tone in which they were uttered made its way at once to the heart of the timid girl; and bounding from the side of the young soldier, she placed the golden vessel that she held in the hand of an attendant, and escaped from the hall.

Scarcely had the maiden disappeared, when the guests of Zach became loud in their praises of her beauty; and the delighted father heard with ecstasy the flattering comments of royalty on the perfections of his child.

On the morrow the regal party quitted the fortress of the old Mag-nate, who presented to the King of Poland, on his departure, a superb scymetar with a jewelled hilt, which one of his ancestors had carried off from a Turkish Pasha whom he had worsted in the field; and the glance of Elizabeth turned complacently on Clara, as she recognized the courtesy which had been shown to her favorite brother. But there was another gaze fastened on her fair brow that rendered the gentle girl unconscious of all other notice; for she felt that the eyes of Hommonai, which she dared not meet, followed her every movement.

The brief ride along the lip of the river, and the traverse of the stream itself, was as joyous as light hearts and buoyant spirits could ensure. More than once the two lovers, for such they had indeed become, found themselves side by side; and upon each occasion the young Knight contrived to murmur a few words of tenderness in the ear of the blushing Clara; but ere two hours had elapsed, the splendid train had arrived at Visegrad; and the Queen at once retired to her apartments, attended by her ladies, while the two sovereigns and their distinguished guests passed on into the great hall of the palace.

Anxiously did John of Hommonai await the moment when, dismissed by Charles Robert, the princes and nobles would be at liberty to withdraw for a time to their several chambers; and no sooner did he see the Palatine pass into the gallery which had been appropriated to himself and his suit, than he hastily followed; and after an instant's hesitation, exclaimed energetically:

"The Saints be praised, my Lord, that you have become reconciled to the Baron Zach, for I love his daughter; and now that your feud is at an end, I will ask you to demand her for me in marriage."

"How, young man!" frowned the ambitious Palatine; "The daughter of Felician Zach! You are well advised to send me on such a mission. Have you forgotten who you are, and to whom you speak? Know that our reconciliation is but lip deep on either side; and that I would rather see you stretched at my feet a corpse, than welcome such a daughter to my hall and hearth."

"Then will you do so," said the young soldier respectfully but firmly; "for you will never see me wed another."

"Words! words!" exclaimed the Palatine impatiently; "A butterfly in the sunbeam—a ripple on the summer wave—the fancy

will pass by, and you will thank me for saving you from an act of folly. Meanwhile, I will put you for the present beyond temptation; for to-morrow at dawn I shall set forth for my palatinate, whether you will be prepared to accompany me."

Having uttered these words in a tone of decision from which his son well knew that there was no appeal, the Palatine busied himself in removing his helmet, as if to imply that the conference, brief as it had been, was ended; and with a bent brow and throbbing heart, the disappointed lover withdrew to his own apartment.

But when, at the close of the banquet, the Lord of Hommonai, after humbly acknowledging the condescension and hospitality of the monarch, requested leave for himself and his son to return on the morrow to his government, Charles Robert at once negatived the measure.

"Nay, nay, my good Lord Palatine," he said courteously; "Have you forgotten that my royal brother Casimir of Poland will need better entertainment than of myself can offer? Talk not of departure from Visegrad; for neither will I part from you, nor our brave friend the Voivode, nor your gallant son. Do not let me think that the cheer of this our fortress-palace hath grown stale already to such honored guests!"

All opposition to the King's will was, of course, impossible; nor were two of the party disposed to offer any. The Voivode, captivated by the luxury of Visegrad, the condescension of the Monarch, and the wit and gaiety of the Polish King, required no inducement to prolong his stay; while John of Hommonai had a still dearer link to bind him to the fortress-palace. The Palatine alone would have desired to leave it without further delay; but when he discovered that this would be displeasing to Charles Robert, he contented himself by manifesting increased coldness towards Felician Zach, and affecting altogether to overlook his beautiful child. To his son he did not vouchsafe a single comment. He would not even seem to believe that any opposition to his will could be contemplated by one dependant on his pleasure; and thus he affected to have altogether forgotten the circumstance of his predilection for the Baron's daughter.

The Palatine's determination produced, however, a most painful effect upon his son. Instead of mingling, as he had previously done, in every manly sport, he ceased to take interest in any. Even the volatile spirits of Casimir, so contagious to the rest of the courtly circle, only increased his melancholy; and it at length became so confirmed, that it attracted the attention of the Monarch; who, on one occasion, when he accidentally found himself alone with the Palatine, inquired with considerable earnestness the cause of so singular a change.

"Why is your gallant son so gloomy, my Lord of Hommonai?" he asked. "There was a time when he was ever foremost in feast and sport alike; and now he shuns all contact, and muses away his hours beneath the old elms, or wastes them in galloping, aimless and companionless, about the forest. It pains me to see him thus—he, the conqueror of Trosce the Servian—my own deliverer from danger, if not death."

"Your Highness does the wayward boy too much honor," said the Palatine, with the flush of anger rose and into his brow. "Instead of devoting every thought to the pleasure of your Grace, your royal brother, and your guests, he has so far forgotten what was due alike to his King and to his father, as to form an attachment for the daughter of Felician Zach, my ancient enemy."

"Hommonai," said the King somewhat coldly; "in my presence you forswore all former feud."

"But I cannot, nevertheless, receive my foe as a brother, nor his child as a daughter; was the equally cold reply; "I have other and higher views for my son."

"What would you more?" asked Charles Robert hastily. "Braver noble in Hungary there is none than Felician Zach; nor can aught more beautiful than Clara be found in any land."

"I cannot wed my son to a pauper-bride."

"Now, by St. John of Nepomucene!" exclaimed the King; "none shall so treat of Elizabeth's favorite. Look you, my Lord Palatine: the broad lands which I will bestow upon the Lady Clara shall render her a fitting bride even for your only son—while for Felician himself, no man shall mouthe his name lightly unless he can show full cause. But we will not make a quarrel of this matter, my brave Lord Hommonai; I love your son—I have good cause to do so; and I will plead his cause coolly and patiently, in part payment of the debt.—Of Clara I need say little; you have seen her, and do not require any comment upon her loveliness and modesty. The Queen loves her as a daughter; and my fair boys look on her as their good genius.—Come, come, my gallant friend; forget the past, and tell me that you will relent."

"I cannot oppose my Sovereign!" said the Palatine, with reluctant acquiescence.

"Why, this indeed is well!" laughed Charles Robert, delighted by his success. "Why should an old hatred extinguish a new love? I will summon Zach upon the instant; and then Elizabeth shall be informed of the destiny of her fair favorite."

The Palatine, considering himself dismissed by this intimation

bowed and retired; and the King having dispatched a page to the archery ground where the nobles were assembled, to desire the immediate attendance of the Baron Zach, continued to pace up and down the lime-avenue in which his dialogue with Hommonai had taken place, until the old Magnate appeared in obedience to the command. For a while the veteran was, however, as sturdy in refusal as his haughty rival; but he based his dissent upon other grounds.

"I deeply thank your Grace," he said with proud humility; "for this new passage in your care for my fair child; but Clara cannot be the bride of John of Hommonai."

"And wherefore?" demanded the King, losing patience.

"Simply because we have been at feud; and that Thomas of Hommonai must not think that he owes my daughter to his rank and wealth."

"Would you rather see your child wretched than sacrifice your own false pride?" asked Charles Robert: "I had nobler thoughts of you."

Much more passed ere the King succeeded in inducing the veteran to yield; but at length he silenced all opposition; and the delight of the lovers can only be appreciated by those who have undergone similar trials, when they learnt that they were indeed free to indulge the affection which had now become a portion of their existence.

The ceremony of betrothal was performed; and the ostentatious generosity of the Palatine loaded the affianced bride with jewelled ornaments; while Elizabeth and her ladies were soon busily engaged in divers pieces of delicate needlework, wrought with tinted silk and seed-pearl. Charles Robert, true to his munificent promise, settled upon the fair and blushing Clara a noble tract of country adjoining the Transylvanian frontier; but the most cherished gift was that of the young husband, who clasped about her snowy neck twelve rows of large oriental pearls, such as a Sultana would have been proud to bind upon her brow. Clara loved them not however for their priceless value, but because the hand that was dearest to her on earth had placed them there.

All was gaiety and expectation throughout the fortress-palace.—The approaching marriage and its attendant festivals were the one engrossing theme of conversation both in hall and bower-chamber; and the first break in the joyousness of the court circle was occasioned by the necessary and unavoidable departure of the Palatine and his son, for the seat of government from which they had been so long absent.

There were more bright eyes dim than those of Clara, as they watched from their lofty casements the departure of the princely guests; but none that wept so long and so secretly. And yet she had blissful memories to fall back upon, and happy hopes to gild the future; and smiles at times burst through her tears, even when she thought herself the most wretched. Comparative quiet settled over the palace: the royal family were left alone. The Queen's brother, and Charles Robert, attended by Felician Zach, the Chamberlain Denis Szeesi, and other nobles of the household, diverted themselves with the chase; and Elizabeth and her ladies found unceasing amusement in preparing the marriage gear of their fair favorite.

It chanced on a day when slight indisposition compelled the King to remain within the palace, that Casimir having exhausted every indoor avocation in which he could compel himself to feel an interest, and become weary of his own thoughts, as well as his customary companions, strolled into the apartments of his sister, who had just passed into those of her husband; and entered the hall in which the attendants of the Queen were seated in a circle, busied at their embroidery frames. For a time they were unconscious of his presence; for, free from all restraint, they were jesting gaily at the expense of the blushing Clara, who sat crimson with confusion, striving to conceal the smiles that, despite all her efforts, repaid their cheerful sallies.

Never had she looked more beautiful! One of her young companions had withdrawn the golden bodkins from her hair, which fell about her in rich and shining masses, and was wreathing above her brow a garland of the white lotus; the passion flower of the Indians. Careless of all save the sweet future which another was portraying, Clara lent herself gracefully to the harmless pastime; and as Casimir looked upon the slight and exquisitely moulded figure, and the beaming face before him, dark passions rose within his heart; and for the first time he congratulated himself that he was the occupant of a throne, and that many a beauty had been won from her faith by a less lure.

When he had gazed his fill, and become more and more convinced that he had never before beheld so beautiful a being as the daughter of Felician Zach, he retreated quietly from the threshold of the hall; and then, gaily carolling an air popular at the time in Hungary, in order to apprise the fair group of his approach, he once more appeared at the entrance of the apartment, and hastily traversing the floor, stood in the centre of the party.

"And where is my gentle sister?" he asked, like one suddenly conscious of her absence. "I thought to have found her here."

"The Queen is with his Highness, your Grace," replied one of the ladies respectfully.

"My Grace is then alone with the Graces!" laughed the Polish

monarch; "Black eyes and blue, you are all my kindred and subjects; and were I not as merciful as I am strong, I would enforce such tribute as should convince you of my power."

"We are the subjects of another sovereign;" said a light-hearted damsel with eyes like stores in October, and lips like roses in the harvest month. "We owe your Highness respect, but not allegiance."

"Ha! say you so, my dainty sophist?" exclaimed Casimir: "Am I then to expect no obedience? Am I to look for no submission?—Do not dare me to the proof, lest I write it on your rosy lips."

"Your Grace surely jests with us;" said a haughty, tall, and swan-necked beauty, looking up almost with defiance from her embroidery frame. "We are the daughters of nobles, and the ladies of her Grace the Queen of Hungary."

"Can you be serious?" said the light-headed and light-hearted King, affecting a gesture of comic surprise: "I never should have guessed so alarming a fact! You all look so unfitted for such a destiny! I must read my royal sister a lesson, and advise her to spare herself such unpleasant contact."

In follies such as these, his own wild gaiety provoking equally gay retorts from the spoiled beauties among whom he stood, industriously employed in demolishing or disarranging the costly silks of their embroidery, the idle young Monarch trifled away an hour; but although he had exerted every effort to induce Clara to bear her part in the conversation, she had not opened her lips since she rose to greet him on his entrance; nor had she even bestowed a smile upon his light and wayward sallies; for she had no sooner ceased to be the subject of discourse, and the object of attention, than she relapsed into the fond reverie from which the jestings of her companions had previously aroused her.

Exasperated at her indifference, a vow rose to the lips of Casimir which blended but ill with his parting smile, as with a graceful salutation he at length quitted the hall. The poison had touched the barb, and his hand was ready to launch the arrow. The more attentively he had considered Clara, the more he had become convinced that she was worthy of every risk that he might incur to ensure her possession; and with the selfish and unprincipled Casimir to will was to do. From that day forth, although he entered with willingness into every amusement suggested by Charles Robert, his thoughts were full of Clara, and his brain busy with dark plottings against her unsuspecting innocence. Thenceforward, he haunted the avenues of the Queen's apartments; nor was it long ere in one of the galleries he encountered the fair girl alone. The opportunity was too precious to be lost; and uncertain how soon they might be interrupted, he at once seized the amazed and affrighted Clara by the waist, and without regarding her pale cheek and shrinking terror, he poured forth volubly his passionate admiration, and conjured her to return his love. Pride and indignation lent strength to the outraged girl; and bursting from his hold with an expression of scornful detestation, she fled like a lapwing along the gallery, and escaped to the refuge of her own chamber.

Only a few days had elapsed, when, unable longer to forego a sight of his affianced wife, John of Hommonai arrived unheralded at Visegrad. Even from a distance Clara saw and recognised her lover; and with a cry of joy she started from her tapestry-frame, and rushed forward to meet him; but she had scarcely reached the ante-room when she suddenly paused, and as the blood receded from her cheek and lip, her heart throbbed violently, and the thought of Casimir rose like a dark spirit between her and her happiness.

The fearful secret that had pressed upon her like an incubus had never passed her lips; to the Queen she dared not divulge it; to her father she would not, for how could she look upon his gray hairs, and shape a tale so hateful into words? From the comments of her companions she already shrank with a pure and maidenly timidity, which chilled her into silence upon a theme that must provoke others far more repugnant; and thus she had borne her grief alone and in bitterness; and now—now—she could pour forth her sorrow, and find escape in the love of him who was soon to be her husband.

But she had scarcely looked upon her approaching lover, when another conviction smote upon her heart. She must still guard her loathsome secret; for there was a fire in the eye of Hommonai that not even the tenderness of love could quench; and with the quick instinct of true affection, all innocent and simple as she was, she felt that this was an insult to be revenged, and not a wrong to be borne; and she had not been pressed to the bosom of her affianced lover longer than he had time to murmur out her name, ere she had made her resolve; but the effort cost her a struggle, and her smile of welcome was quenched in a shower of bright but bitter tears.

"Do you weep, Clara?" asked Hommonai reproachfully: "Have I disturbed a pleasant solitude?"

The fair girl only replied by a look; but that look was worth a world of words.

"Will you not ask me my errand?" resumed the young Noble, with an arch and happy smile.

"I do not desire to know any thing;" was the low but earnest reply: "You are here, and I am happy!"

Hommonai pressed his lips to the fair brow that rested on his bosom: "I do but look on you, sweet love, once more to leave you. I

quit Visegrad at sunset; but I am here, Clara, to urge the hastening of our nuptials. I am wretched when parted from you. A thousand dark and withering fears grow upon my spirit. You, love, I never doubt; but when I remember your youth, your beauty, and your innocence, and call up in array before me the licentious habits of this dissolute and reckless court—above all, when I think of the wild, libertine King of Poland—

"Oh! speak not of him;" almost shrieked the maiden, as she involuntarily buried her face yet closer in the panther skin which hung across the breast of her lover; "Speak not of him—talk only of yourself—of your return—"

"What means this burst of passion, Clara?" asked the young man eagerly, as he raised her pale cheek from its resting-place, and looked earnestly into her eyes: "What of Casimir of Poland?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing;" gasped the maiden: "Let us not talk of him when we have such brief time for converse; tell me rather, dearest and best, wherefore you are here."

"Clara," said Hommonai almost severely; "this emotion is suspicious. What are you striving to conceal from me?"

"At least it is not my love;" said Clara, assuming a tender playfulness, as she once more escaped from his piercing glance, by averting her blushing face; "or I should not be here to meet you, but rather have waited to be sought."

"It is true, sweet one;" replied Hommonai, delighted at the avowal. "And now tell me how you have sped since we parted. Have you once sighed for me, Clara?"

"Sighed for you!" echoed the maiden, with a slight shudder: "Aye, till my heart dropped blood. You have been the very hope of my dreams, and my every thought of you by day has been a prayer. But tell me now what blessed chance has sped you here?"

"Have I not told you, dearest, that it was to hasten our nuptials?"

"True, true, I had forgotten;" murmured the maiden, as the blood once more fled from her cheek: "and you depart at sunset. Could you not linger here until we go together?"

"Think you that if this were indeed possible, I should leave you thus, after the meeting of a moment? Alas, Clara, do you not yet know me better?"

"It was an idle and a foolish question; I pray you pardon me."

"Fye on you, pretty one! Could I quarrel with such a wish, I were unworthy of it. But I have not yet seen the King, Clara; and I must not forget in your bright eyes either my Sovereign or my duty."

Little more passed between them; for the moments of Hommonai were numbered; and when he had taken a fond farewell of his weeping mistress, he hastened to the presence of Charles Robert, where, on bent knee, he presented a letter from the Palatine, praying that the nuptials might take place ere the new moon, in order that his son might be prepared to accompany him in his expedition against Bazarad of Wallachia.

"We will see to this, young sir," said the King, as he refolded the letter, and looked kindly upon his petitioner: "You are a bold man thus to grasp a bride with one hand, and a weapon with the other; but we will strive to help you in this matter. Return to your father with all speed, for this is not a moment in which he can spare you from his side, and you shall have our answer by a swift messenger when we have laid your cause before the Queen. My brother of Poland, too, will sue for you should the fair Clara reject your supplication; he is young, and will understand your impatience better perchance than her Grace or I; for Elizabeth, Queen though she be, is doubtless woman enough to hold that her favorite cannot be duly and honorably wedded without store of satins and spangles; while I, who understand love only as a day-dream, in which one sun-ray chases another, shall scarcely know how to phrase a suit of downright and persevering passion. You Magyars manage these things differently from we of Italy."

And Charles Robert laughed the light and ribald laugh of a libertine as he glanced at Casimir of Poland who stood near him, and who answered the appeal by another even less seemly. The blood of Hommonai boiled with indignation; but he had no alternative, save to act upon the dismissal of the King, and to take his leave, which he did with a vow upon his lips, that from the moment when he should call Clara his wife, he would preserve her from the contagious atmosphere of the Italian court as carefully as from a pestilence.

Poor Hommonai!—But I must not anticipate.

The westering sun had pillowed its crown of gold upon the mountain crests, and then withdrew like a hero wearied with his own glory, into the recesses of the mighty sea; and already was John of Hommonai upon his homeward track. Quick throbbed his pulse; and he urged his noble horse to greater speed, as though he could by rapidity of motion still the tempest which was raging at his heart. He was for the moment forgetful that every bound of the generous animal which bore him only increased the distance between him and his pure young love!

Twilight succeeded—the cool, gray, dreamy twilight—that link between the coming night and the spent day, which seems to be the breathing-hour of nature—that mystic moment when the Creator draws a veil over the world which softens without concealing its

beauties—the soft and serene gloaming, when birds twitter out their last notes of melody ere they fold their heads beneath their wings, and people the boughs with silent and almost invisible life—and the earth, like a steaming chalice, pours forth its dewy treasure upon leaves and flowers, and sprinkles the long grass and the wild herbs with liquid diamonds.

Darker and darker fell the shadows—and it was night—and then uprose the moon; and in the illuminated landscape every tower and battlement, and tree and mountain, was drawn sharp, and hard, and black, as though it had been wrought in ebony upon the surface of the earth. Nothing was heard save the whispering of the wind among the branches, the solitary song of the night bird, and the monotonous and gentle plashing of the waters, as they fell from the fountain-jets into their capacious basins.

It was the very hour for gentle memories. All was so calm, so holy, and so pure. No sound or sight of the world's littleness intruded on the quiet of the time; and as Clara, muffled in a sable cloak, stole forth into the shadows of the palace garden to think upon her lover, it was not wonderful that amid the stillness and the beauty of the night she forgot all darker thoughts, and dwelt only on the image of him to whose heart she had been clasped so lately. She could muse on him so freely beneath the blue canopy of the star set sky, where no mocking eyes were on her; she could almost fancy that she still felt his breath upon her cheek, as the soft breeze swept by, and stirred the golden ringlets of her hair; she could almost image his lofty and graceful form in the shadows of—

But, hark! What piercing shriek makes the night-wind shiver as it wanders on? What frenzied cry stills the low warble of the bird of song, and bids the plashing waters fall back unheard into their marble shells? It is the heart-scream of a woman, and it has shaped itself into a single word—it calls to one who cannot hear or save!

"Hommonai! Hommonai!" pealed out the shrill and ringing cry. It was the voice of Clara Zach—of the only daughter of a brave house—of the favorite of a Queen—and the glory of a court—"Hommonai! Hommonai!" again came the wild yell almost fiercely upon the wind; and suddenly a female figure started forward into the light from beneath the deep arch of the fortress, and hurried downward towards the river. There it paused; but the pause was transient; for in the next instant it sprang fearlessly into a boat that was moored beneath the rock, and was borne rapidly onward by the mad current of the dancing waves.

It was Clara; and she had done with fear. Her hair, released from the fillet which should have bound it, streamed in the wind of midnight; her mantle had fallen off, and her light dress was folded tightly round her like the draping of an antique statue, by the steady breeze that swept along the surface of the Danube; her eyes were dilated and tearless; and from between her fast-clenched teeth the blood gathered in heavy gout upon her parched and parted lips, and fell in sanguine drops upon her white dress and her still whiter bosom. At intervals, as with almost superhuman strength she battled with the current, and urged her little bark along, the same wild cry mingled with the swift wind and the jarring waters, and at length she touched the shore, and bounded from the boat only a few paces below the stronghold of her father.

Breasting the height on which the fortress stood, without the hesitation of a moment, on rushed the maddened girl, until, almost spent with toil, she stood panting and breathless before the gate of her once happy home. "Open! ye who watch to shield your lord from treachery!" she yelled forth, as the astonished warder, deeming that he beheld a spectre, was about to fly from his post: "Open! It is the daughter of Felician Zach who stands beside the gate at midnight, and bids ye fling it back!"

As he recognised her voice, the terrified official obeyed her bidding in silence; and onward, without another word, but with a wild laugh and the speed of lightning, rushed the dishonored child of the chieftain to the bedside of her sleeping father.

"Awake, Felician Zach!" shouted the young and frenzied girl, as she flung herself upon him, and grasped his arm with a strength which might have become a warrior; her large eyes gleaming with the light that is born of madness: "Awake! Why do you lie sleeping here when there is work to do? Has your harness rusted in the hall, or your weapon in its sheath? This is no time for slumber—You have no longer a daughter! Away to Visegrad; it was there that she was lost to you; and I am come to tell the tale. On, Felician Zach, and strike freely—A stately head may be laid low, even though a crown encircles it—"

Like a roused lion, goaded in his lair, sprang the proud Magyar to his feet. He asked no question of his maddened child; nor, when he saw her sink down senseless at his side, did he make one effort to raise her up. He felt at once that she had told him true, and that he had indeed no longer a daughter.

He shed no tear—he uttered no lamentation; the eye that weeps, and the voice that reviles, know not an anguish like his. He gnawed his lips until the blood followed the pressure of his teeth; he drew his breath hard, like one who recks not how soon it may abandon him; and at intervals he glanced at the pale and blighted maiden who lay still and lifeless at his feet, and then raised his dark brow to

heaven, as though he asked from thence the curse he could not utter!

With such violence did the ill-fated father fling back the heavy oaken door of the armory, that it rebounded as he passed the threshold; and the vibration which it caused detached from its fastenings a Damascus blade, which, like the one that he had presented to the King of Poland, had been a Turkish spoil.

"I accept the omen!" said the veteran gloomily, as the echoes of the ringing steel died away amid the carving of the groined and lofty roof; "any weapon will suffice for vengeance." And lifting the seymetar from the floor, he quitted the armory.

But for that vengeance he had still to wait, for day had not yet dawned, and all nature was buried in one dim and dusky veil; save where the moon, already paling beneath the influence of the coming day, gave evidence that her reign was almost over; and cast a ghostly gleam, like the memory of a crushed hope, over the spots on which her faint light fell.

Compelled to await the dawning, Felician Zach, weapon in hand, returned to take one last long look into the chamber where he had left his child. She lay there still: cold and motionless, like some fair statue that had been hurled from its proud pedestal—beautiful but dishonored. Where were now her worshippers? A profane hand had rent the veil of the temple, and the holiness of the shrine was desecrated for ever.

The old man bent down, and looked upon her—silently at first, and solemnly, like one who looks upon the dead, still doubting the fact of his bereavement: but ere long, a wild laugh escaped from between his parted lips; loud, and long, and bitter as the mirthless laughter of fiends, which born of agony borrows its voice from discord. It was a sad sight to see him gazing on the corpse-like girl with fixed and glassy eyes, his silver hair swept back from his throbbing temples, and his hand armed with the instrument of vengeance.

It is in such hours as these that man lives through a life of agony, and feels that the warm stream which courses through his veins has turned to gall and fire, blistering and scorching up the frame it should have sustained and strenghtened; and carrying death upon its tide as surely as the poisoned arrow plants it within the wound.

How he had loved his fair and motherless child! How he had hung upon her infant smile: gloried in the promise of her girlhood; and exulted in the beauty of her youth—And what was she now? A bruised and blighted thing, to which earth could offer nothing welcome save a grave. Zach felt and knew this as he gazed upon her, but he shed no tear. What had he to do with tears? His was a sterner duty than that of grief; and as at length the pale and mournful dawn slowly made its way through the party-colored casement, he once more started to his feet, and arousing one of the still sleeping grooms, bade him instantly bring out his horse, without comment or delay.

To and fro, like an unquiet spirit, strode the agonized father, as he awaited in the court-yard the fulfilment of his orders; and long ere the retainers were astir he was already galloping madly down the steep rock upon which stood his hitherto happy home, and nearing the river. Once arrived at the edge of the little creek where the boat lay moored which afforded communication with Visegrad, he sprang from the saddle, and turning his noble horse loose to wander where it listed, he was instantly on board, and guiding with his nervous arm the progress of the bounding skiff.

At the palace, meanwhile, the risen sun had summoned from their beds all the tenants of the gorgeous pile; for in the olden time even the greatest and the proudest commenced their day ere the dew was absorbed from the uplands; and thus it was without much surprise that Elizabeth, ere the morning meal had been announced, received intelligence from one of her ladies that her royal brother Casimir desired to be admitted for a brief period, to her private apartment.

With a hasty command for his admission the Queen dismissed her attendants, although not without some foreboding of evil; for she was too well aware of the unprincipled and libertine character of Casimir to doubt that he sought her upon this occasion, as he had already done on many others, to ask her assistance in his extrication from some difficulty induced by his own want of self-government; and, despite the haughty fearlessness of her nature, her heart beat quick as she awaited him, and a thousand vague and nameless fears swept across her spirit. Her resolve was, however, instantaneons. Be the difficulty what it might, either in origin or extent, everything must be sacrificed to the peace and pleasure of her royal kinsman; for to Elizabeth earth seemed to contain no object so dear as Casimir, his extreme personal attraction and seductive manners appearing to her weak and doting affection a sufficient apology for every dereliction from rectitude. But notwithstanding this unjust and dangerous creed, the Queen was wholly unprepared for such a tale as that which the reprobate boy-king now came to tell!

"No, no—" she exclaimed passionately, as Casimir faltered out the confession of his crime; "You are idly testing the strength of my affection—You cannot have done this—Clara! the pride and ornament of Visegrad—the favorite of Charles Robert—the adopted child of your sister!—No, no, it is but a sorry jest, Casimir; for even you dared not to have done this."

"Do I look as though I jested?" was the reply; "Am I not rather like one with whom the madness is scarcely yet overpast? Doubt is idle—I come to you only for a remedy."

"Alas, if this indeed be true, there is none—" said Elizabeth, whose pale cheek and trembling lip attested the violence of her emotion; "Rash boy! what have you done? Have you yet to learn the uncompromising nature of these fiery Magyars, to whom their honor is far dearer than their life? Were there not stranger-maidens at the court, who would have held your homage cheap, at whatever price? You must not linger at Visegrad another day, for I, Queen though I be, am powerless to screen you here, nor do you deserve that I should brave the anger of the King, when you have not hesitated to bring disgrace and dishonor to the very threshold of my own apartment."

"You abandon me, then;" said the Polish King haughtily; "and wherefore? Because for the first time my excesses chance to be irksome and dangerous to yourself. What have I now done more than you have already excused a score of times? Listen to me, Elizabeth. You are the guilty party in this transaction. You have long known my nature, and smiled upon my vices. Why did you drag that innocent and happy girl from the safeguard of her father's roof; and transplant her to your own vain and dissolute court? Was it not because your eye loved to rest upon so fair an object, and that you could not consent to forego the sweet indulgence? It was strange you should never guess that others might be equally susceptible of her attractions; and that the atmosphere of Visegrad was ill suited to her pure nature!"

"I promised to look upon her as a child, and little deemed that any one would dare—"

"It was a holy promise!" laughed Casimir in bitter mockery; "and how was it performed? Was it to the affection and watchfulness of a mother that I owed the facilities with which I have been favored; and which, had she not been as cold as she was beautiful, would long ere this have rendered her a willing prize instead of a struggling victim? If it indeed be so, I have strangely mistaken terms—"

"These taunts cannot avail us;" said Elizabeth, smitten to the soul by the reproachful words of her brother; "You must leave Visegrad. Seek, therefore, for some specious reason which may satisfy Charles Robert; and depart at once, ere your share in this unhappy matter is revealed. The morning meal is now prepared; let it be the last that we take together until all is remedied, or rather forgotten."

The advice was too judicious to be neglected; and, accordingly, on leaving the apartments of the Queen, Casimir intimated to his surprised and disconcerted nobles, who were little anxious to exchange the luxurious splendor of Visegrad for the comparatively monotonous Court of Poland, that he should depart at day-break on the morrow; and having so done, and commanded the immediate attention of his attendants to such arrangements as might tend to facilitate his purpose, he proceeded to the hall in which the royal party were to break their fast.

Great was the surprise of Charles Robert, and the well-acted astonishment of the Queen, when, having taken his seat at the board, Casimir declared his intention of leaving Visegrad on the following day. A thousand objections were started by the King, but they were all overruled by the declaration of his guest that public duty claimed his presence in his own capital. The subject was still under discussion when an unwonted noise was heard on the very threshold of the apartment; and, ere a question could be answered, the Baron Zach entered hastily, and without greeting, his naked weapon in his hand, and his eyes glaring like those of a hunted tiger. In an instant his gaze fastened on the King of Poland, and he made a spring towards him, which the conscious libertine escaped by retreating hastily through a lateral door near which he had been seated.

Baffled, but not subdued, the infuriated Magnate made a second rush, and would have pursued the seducer of his child to the innermost recesses of the palace, but the Queen, uncertain that her brother would escape through the gallery in time to avoid the pursuit of the avenger, flung herself across his path; and ere Zach could recover himself, his weapon struck, and severed the hand of Elizabeth. In an instant the Count Kenecies, the son of the brave Gyula, seized the young princes Andrew and Louis by the hand, and hurried them from the hall; while the Baron John Csellej, Chamberlain to the Queen, who chanced to be standing immediately in the rear of Zach, smote him violently from behind, and he fell forward upon the pavement, bathed in his own blood.

He was instantly seized and bound by the guards; but their bonds were idle, for he expired in a few moments with a curse upon his lips that made those who heard it tremble.

Meanwhile the shrieks of the Queen, partly called forth by the physical agony consequent on her wound, and partly caused by terror for her unworthy brother, rang through the palace; nor could even the presence of the King and her children, or the assurance that Zach was already dead, restore her to any degree of composure. In her alarm and suffering she forgot the origin of the catastrophe; and

in the intervals of her bodily anguish she called loudly for vengeance. At once alarmed and exasperated, unconscious of the provocation which the murdered Magnate had received, and keenly alive to the danger of the precedent which had been that day established by the desecration of the royal residence, Charles Robert eagerly and solemnly promised all she wished; and vowed that none in whose veins ran the blood of Felician Zach, be they whom they might, should survive to vaunt his treason.

It was a fearful pledge, but it was redeemed. In the fortress of the brave old Magnate the officers of the royal household found his maniac daughter, seated in a niche of the deserted hall, weaving chaplets of wild flowers which she had gathered on the ramparts, and then tearing them asunder and scattering them to the winds, with a wild laugh, half anguish and half madness. They bore her to Visegrad, nor did she attempt any opposition to their will; until as they passed beneath the spacious arch of entrance, she espied her destroyer pacing to and fro the lime avenue which had once been her own favorite retreat; when, with a shrill cry, she bounded from the side of her captors, and rushing headlong down the steep declivity as though a sudden memory of her shame had come back upon her, plunged into the turbid river that was boiling and rioting beneath.

When at length they drew her to the land she was a corpse; but the vengeance of Charles Robert was not satisfied by her death; and forgetful alike of the beauty and the gentleness which had so often beguiled his weary hours, he commanded that the body of the maiden should be flung beside that of her father; and that her young brother should be immediately summoned from Buda without a hint of the catastrophe which awaited him.

Full of hope and of ambition the young and noble boy arrived at Visegrad, his heart swelling with delight at the promised favor of the King, and the vaunted loveliness of his sister. On his advent being announced to Charles Robert, he directed that the youth should be forthwith conducted to the chamber where lay the bodies of all that he had best loved on earth, and there put to death; and once more he was obeyed; but with a humanity which did them honor, his officials profited by the deep faint that fell upon the unhappy boy as the ghastly spectacle was revealed: and struck him to the heart ere he could be conscious of the death-pang.

This done, the three bodies were mutilated until scarcely a vestige remained of what they once had been; then tied to the tails of horses; and thus dragged through the public streets; and finally, when every imaginable indignity had been heaped upon them, flung to the dogs in an obscure and filthy suburb of the city, with a proclamation that whosoever should venture to collect their remains together for burial, should be held as partakers of their treason, and dealt with accordingly.

It will be readily believed that with so fearful an example of the King's ruthless cruelty before their eyes, none attempted to rescue the mangled bodies from desecration; and the dogs were yet batten- ing on the unholy food, and disputing limb by limb what had lately been so brave and so beautiful, when the undying fury of the Queen, and the inhuman assent of the Monarch, had hunted down and destroyed every relative, however remote, of the doomed family of Zach, which was swept from the face of the earth through the dastardly crime of Casimir of Poland.

Tradition tells, that from this period the arms of Charles Robert were palsied by a curse—and who shall say that it was lightly earned?

John of Hommonai, the expectant bridegroom, and the devoted lover, when he learned the fate of Clara, the fair, and pure, and innocent girl, whom he had worshipped, and who had preferred an early and a painful death, to a life of shame and dishonor, never again looked with love upon the face of woman; but eagerly proffering his welcome assistance to every leader who was bound for a field of blood, soon terminated his career as a soldier should do; and died with his weapon in his hand where the slain lay thickest, after a day of hard-won glory.

It is gravely asserted by the old chroniclers, that the spirit of the martyred Clara long haunted the halls and galleries of Visegrad "in the glimpses of the moon;" and that to the day of his death the visions of Charles Robert were full of the mutilated phantom. Be this as it may, however, it is certain that there is no tradition throughout the country more fully and satisfactorily authenticated than that of the fair and unfortunate Clara Zach.

Walking is the best possible exercise. Habituate yourself to walk very far. We value ourselves on having subdued the horse to our use; but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by it. No one thing has occasioned so much degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day as an enfeebled white does on his horse, and he will tire the best horse. A little walk of half an hour in the morning when you first rise, is advisable, it shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy.—Jefferson.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.—Hume.

THE DOOMED FATHER.

CHAPTER I.

AN ILL-ADVISED MARRIAGE.

It was on a Sabbath evening towards the latter end of the month of July, that the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, Curate of Tintern, in Monmouthshire, set forth to visit his daughter Hester, who resided in one of those romantically situated cottages, which form so interesting a feature in the mountainous scenery of the Wye, between Ross and Chepstow. The distance he had to go was scarcely a mile; but the walk was toilsome, for his path lay among the hills, through which it was rudely cut, and the loose fragments of rocks on which he trode gave way at every step. His thoughts, however, were too much occupied with the sad object of his visit, to permit of his heeding the rugged road, or even the sublime beauties of nature which were spread around him.

Hester was his eldest daughter, and the eldest also of nine brothers and sisters; a large family to feed, clothe, and educate, upon the scanty stipend of his curacy, though eked out by a small paternal property, and a fortune of two hundred pounds which he had with his wife. When all was put together, and the profits of a small school added, as well as those which he received from the sale of a quarto volume "On the Dawnings of the Everlasting Gospel Light," Parson Lloyd was a somewhat poorer man than his neighbor Farmer Morgan, who always boasted that he could spend a hundred and twenty pounds a-year, and pay every body their own. But Farmer Morgan, at last, did not pay every body their own; for he went into the Gazette, and there were only three shillings in the pound for his creditors, while Parson Lloyd contrived to make both ends meet; perhaps, because he took care never to have a creditor, always deferring the purchase of any thing he wanted till he could spare the money to pay for it. "He who makes his necessities wait upon his means," he would often say, "will never find them troublesome; but reverse the order, and let your means be the drudges of your necessities, and run as fast as they may, they will never overtake them."

Hester Lloyd had married Farmer Morgan's second son, David; and it was always said, by those who pretended to know the secret, that she did so more from a desire to diminish the heavy burden of her father's family, than from any violent affection she had for the young man. To say the truth, they were a mismatched pair. David was a coarse rustic, of violent passions, a moody temper, and suspected of dissolute habits. Hester, on the contrary, was mild and gentle in disposition, affectionate, and trained up in the strict observance of those simple, unobtrusive virtues which became the comparative humility of her station, and the character of her parental roof. When, therefore, she married David Morgan, some shook their heads and pitied the poor girl for the sacrifice she made; while others turned up their eyes, and wondered how even Love could be so blind.

The union had neither the approbation, nor the disapprobation, of Hester's father. She was of an age to choose discreetly (having passed her three-and-twentieth year,) when, as was certainly her case, the heart did not take the lead in choosing; and he left her, therefore, to decide for herself, after temperately discussing with her, upon several occasions, whatever might fairly be urged in favor, or to the prejudice of the young man. Hester, herself, took a twelvemonth to consider of her decision; and finally yielded her consent to the pertinacious, rather than the ardent, solicitations of David Morgan.

It has been said by an ancient cynic, that marriage has only two happy days, the first and the last—but Hester was doomed to find even this stinted portion of matrimonial felicity too liberal an allowance. On their return from church, an unfortunate difference arose between her husband and her father, upon some trifling subject of rural economy—the breeding of pigs, or the cultivation of barley, or some matter not a whit more important. David was loud, overbearing, and at last insolently rude. Nay, he so far forgot himself at one moment, that his hand was raised to seize Mr. Lloyd by the collar. "Forbear, young man!" said the reverend pastor mildly; "and learn to have more control over your passions; or they will one day hurry you into conduct which all the rest of your days may not be sufficient to atone for."

David felt the rebuke. He felt ashamed. He saw the cheek of Hester turn pale, and he felt sorrow for what he had done. But his father-in-law also felt the indignity that had been offered to him, and he slowly walked away towards his own house. Hester looked after him. She said nothing. She only thought, as she leaned upon her husband's arm, and proceeded silently towards his father's house, what a change one little half hour had wrought in her condition.—Her now obedient steps went one way; her heart, at that moment, another. The former taught her she was a wife; the latter, that she must cease to be a daughter. It was a sharp lesson to come so early. She said nothing. But though her tongue spoke not, the uneasy reflections of David clothed it with words of bitterness; and he strove, as much as his nature would let him, during the rest of the day to dispel the gloom with which his violence of temper had clouded the beginning. Hester was neither angry nor sullen; but she was sad; and she could not conceal that her sadness was greatest, when, as she sat down to dinner, the marriage feast lacked one guest, whose

absence was to her, if not the absence of all, at least the absence of all comfort.

Mr. Lloyd was a sincere christian. Without any parade of sanctity, he diligently endeavored, in all his dealings with his fellow creatures, to fulfil the commands of Him whose minister he was. He could not therefore let the sun go down upon his wrath; but, like a primitive disciple of his master, he sought the dwelling of his enemy, with the word of peace and the hand of fellowship. So pure a judge had he been in his own cause, that he considered he had done wrong, very wrong, in suffering himself to be kept away from the wedding-table of his daughter, by his resentment for a hasty speech uttered by her husband. "I will go," said he, "and heal this wound before I sleep." And he did go; and it was a blessed sight for Hester to behold, as she saw her father enter, with a benignant smile upon his countenance, walk up to her husband, and taking him by the hand, exclaim, "Son, we have never been enemies; let us then continue to be friends!" David was overpowered by this unexpected display of meek goodness; and his voice really faltered as he replied grasping Mr. Lloyd's hand with honest warmth, "God forbid we should not." Hester kissed her father, and wept; but they were tears of much gladness. It was a peaceful evening after this. Mr. Lloyd showed, by his cheerful conversation, and kindly manner, that the spirit of anger had entirely departed from him, and with it all recollection of the offence. David did not shake off, quite so soon, his remembrance of the morning; for he was vanquished, in spite of himself, and he felt—as a man generally does who commits a wrong, and finds coals of fire heaped upon his head, by the generous conduct of the person whom he has wronged—humbled and ashamed in his presence. Hester was supremely happy; for she beheld her father and her husband side by side, under her own roof.

Months rolled on, and the neighbors began to think David Morgan quite an altered man since his marriage. He was civil and obliging; went regularly to church every Sunday; rose early to his work; attended to his farm; returned home sober, and before dark, on market days; got into no quarrels; smoked his pipe in the evening, on a bench before his own door, and drank a pint or two of his own home-brewed ale. In short he exhibited all the outward qualities of a steady, thriving, and industrious farmer; and it was prophesied, if he went on so, that he would soon become a better man than his father, by the difference of many an acre added to those which he already rented. Hester observed this auspicious change, and might almost be called a happy wife.

She was not entirely so; for there were out-breakings of temper at home, lightning flashes of the mind, and distant thunder murmurings of the heart, which the eyes and ears of friends and neighbors nor saw nor heard. The sky was clear above—the sun shone brightly—but the elements of storm and tempest perpetually loomed along the horizon, which the first gust of wind would drive into angry collision. To Hester's watchful eye alone, and to her anxious spirit, were these signs revealed. She could not conceal from herself the trials and the dangers they hourly menaced; but she could conceal them from all the rest of the world—and she did. Not even to her father did she speak of them. They were the griefs of her own forboding heart, and they were buried there. If they should ever be disinterred thence—if they should ever be realized—and write themselves in such characters upon her face as she could not hide—if her countenance complained for her—she must submit; but till then she was resolved hope should chasten fear, and the faith she plighted at the altar forbid her lips to become the accusers of her husband.

It was about two years after her marriage, that the bankruptcy of old Morgan happened. For some months previously, Hester suspected matters were going wrong; not from any thing which her husband communicated to her, for he had grown reserved, sullen, and morose; but from the manner of the old man himself, from their frequent conferences in secret, and from his total neglect of his farming stock. David, too, instead of minding his own affairs, and looking after his own crops, or attending the markets, as he was accustomed to do, sold hand over head upon the ground; took the first price that was offered; replaced nothing which he sold, but kept the money, and talked of setting up, by and by, as an innkeeper at Chepstow. Meanwhile, debts were contracted, and none were paid; creditors became clamorous, and David grew more and more reckless of their clamors. At first he could not pay; at last he would not, and they might do as they liked. If Hester ventured to remonstrate, she was churlishly told to mind her own business, and look after the house, though there was every day less and less in it to look after; for whatever could be spared, and often what could not, was converted into money. Old Morgan pursued much the same course; and it seemed as if father and son were striving with each other who should make most speed in the race of destruction.

Thus matters went on from bad to worse, and from worse to worst, for nearly three months; and then old Morgan was made a bankrupt. Every one predicted that David would soon follow; but every one lamented it at the same time, on account of poor Hester, who was universally respected. Indeed, it was mainly owing to this feeling of respect for her, that her husband's creditors had not either enforced their claims, or thrown him into a prison. They did not

scruple to tell her so; and though she felt grateful for their kindness, she knew it was a forbearance that hung by a very slender thread, and each day she expected to see him dragged to jail. If that did happen, what was to become of her, far advanced in pregnancy with her second child, and not a roof to shelter her except her father's?

CHAPTER II.

A FRAUDULENT BANKRUPTCY.

She was sitting one evening, sadly ruminating upon all these things, and expecting David's return, who had gone out early in the morning, she knew not whither, when Jacob Griffiths, a maternal uncle of her husband's, a respectable, but poor old man, dropped in. He sat down, and she drew him a mug of ale, which, however, he scarcely touched. She talked to him, first upon one subject, and then upon another; but he hardly answered her, and altogether his behaviour was so strange, that she looked at him as if she thought he had already had a little too much; a failing which she knew sometimes overtook "uncle Jacob." She was soon convinced, however, that the old man was not now in his cups, whatever else might be the matter with him, for he was leaning forward on his staff, which he held with both his hands, and the tears were trickling down the furrows of his sun-burnt face.

"In the name of heaven, Jacob, what ails you?" said Hester, laying down her work, and going towards him.

"I am thinking," said Jacob, with a heavy groan, that burst from him as he spoke—"I am thinking, Mrs. Morgan, how my poor sister Jane would have taken it to heart if she were alive now, which, thank God, she is not! But the Lord help us! what we may come to in this world!"

Hester's knees tottered—her color fled—and she seated herself gently by his side, as she exclaimed in a tremulous voice, "What is the matter, Jacob, that you talk thus?"

The old man shook his head, while he answered, "Matter enough I fear, but who would have thought it?"

"For God's sake," replied Hester, tell me what it is you mean. Has anything happened to David?"

"Ay," said Jacob, and his father too. I was coming into Monmouth to-day at noon, and had just crossed over the Munny bridge, when I saw a sight of people afore me; I walked up to them to find out if I could, what was going on, and you might have knocked me down with a feather, the next moment—for what should I see but David and his father, old George Morgan, handcuffed together like thieves, and being led to prison? They did not see me and I was glad on't; for I couldn't have spoke a word to them, my tongue stuck so to the roof of my mouth, like. I shall never forget how I shook."

"Are you sure you were not mistaken?" inquired Hester, in a tone of voice so thick and inarticulate, that Jacob suddenly raised his head from the staff on which he had continued to support it.

"Am I sure this is my right hand?" answered Jacob.—"But, Lord preserve you! what ails you, Mrs. Morgan? You look as white as your apron; you are not faintish, sure? Here, take a sup o' this ale—'twill warm you, like, and do you good."

Hester was indeed pale enough; and she trembled so violently, that Jacob might well suppose she needed something to warm her; but she kept from fainting, and after a few minutes she was able to ask him whether he knew "what they had done, that they were taken to prison?"

"I could not get at the rights of the matter," said Jacob; "but from what I understood, I should guess it was something about old Morgan's bankrupt job; though I don't see, for my part, how that could concern David."

"Nor I either," replied Hester, wiping her eyes, and sighing as if her heart would break. "But whatever it is, I have had the dread of it upon my spirits for these many months. I felt certain that some misfortune or other was hanging over me: and it has come at last. My husband's conduct was so changed, he had grown so careless about every thing, had so entirely neglected his affairs and his home, that I was sure, unless some change for the better took place, nothing but ruin could come of it in the end. Oh dear! God knows, my situation is bad enough, just now, at any rate." And Hester's tears flowed afresh, as the thought of what her situation was presented itself to her mind.

"Don't take on this way, Mrs. Morgan," said Jacob. "After all, things may not be so bad as they appear; and be they never so bad, fretting, you know, won't mend them. It is a sad business, to be sure, but we must hope for the best. Besides, many an innocent man has been wrongfully suspected, and taken to prison, before now; and who knows but this may be David's case, ay, and old Morgan's too? So keep up your spirits, Mrs. Morgan, and don't grieve. Here, take a drop of ale."

Hester had much cause to grieve. She had said truly, that the conduct of her husband, for a long time past, had been such as to prepare her for trouble of some kind or other; and her grief, therefore, on the present occasion, was less acute than if she had fallen suddenly from the sunny height of domestic happiness by an unforeseen and unexpected blow. But who ever found himself sufficiently prepared for misfortune? Who, till it came, ever ceased

to hope that it might *not* come? And who, *when* it comes, can say, I have watched for you so long with a troubled heart, that now you find me without a tear to shed, or a sigh to breathe? Alas, the stern reality has a pang of its own unlike that we feel in the most vivid anticipation. Does the child you love, the mistress you adore, the parent you venerate, lie on the bed of death? What though you have whispered this fatal secret to yourself again, and again, and again? What though your spirit have mourned over the dying object, in all the anguish of inevitable bereavement? Ah me! wait till the eye is closed, and the tongue is mute—forever; tarry till the soul is departed—till the thing you dreamed is the thing you feel—and then you will know the difference between the fear of losing, ay, and even between what constitutes mere man's certainty of losing, and the miserable certainty that you *HAVE* lost.

Hester felt this difference. She had insensibly trained her mind to meet an undefined calamity; but now, when it came upon her in a specific shape and character, she almost sunk beneath the shock. It was too true what Jacob Griffiths had told her. David and his father were both in Monmouth jail; and they were there upon a charge of having contrived, and brought about, a fraudulent bankruptcy in the case of old Morgan, under such circumstances as made it doubtful, at one time, whether their lives would not be forfeited. Matters, however, were not pushed to that extremity; but they were tried, found guilty, and received sentence of transportation, the father for life, and David for fourteen years. Hester was far advanced in pregnancy when her husband was thrown into prison; and the very day on which the Judges entered Monmouth, she became the unhappy mother of a son, whose father, scarcely more than eight-and-forty hours afterwards, was branded as a felon by the verdict of a just and impartial jury.

She had visited him several times in jail before his trial, and administered to him all the comfort and consolation which it was in her power to bestow, or in his nature to receive; for it distressed her much to find that he manifested great hardness of heart, and that he was alike insensible to her sufferings and his own disgrace. But she had not seen him since his trial. She had not, indeed, been able to get so far, for her recovery, after lying in, was slow; and she was still extremely feeble and delicate, when, at the expiration of about six weeks, she learned, by a harsh letter from her brutal husband, that if she "wanted to see him again," she must go to Monmouth before a day named, as he was on that day to be conveyed, with other convicts, to the seaport, whence they were to embark for New South Wales. She did wish to see him again; and it was on the following morning of that very Sabbath evening, in the month of July, when her father set forth to visit her, as already mentioned, that she intended to do so.

Mr. Lloyd was desirous of seeing his daughter, not only to prepare her, by his conversation, for the melancholy task of taking, in all probability, a last farewell of one who, criminal and churlish as he was, was still her husband,—but also to arrange with her the time and manner of proceeding to Monmouth the next morning, whither he intended accompanying her himself. He found her weeping over her last born, which lay lay asleep in her lap. He did not chide her tears, for they were the natural channels of her grief; but in his twofold character of her spiritual and paternal monitor, he applied himself to assuage the sorrow which was their fruitful source. And he had the consolation to observe, ere he departed, that Hester was so far tranquil and resigned, as to discourse calmly upon her approaching interview with David.

In this frame of mind he left her, and in this frame of mind he found her the following morning, when, at the early hour of five, she met him, as had been agreed upon, at the foot of the gentle ascent which rises abruptly from the site of the picturesque ruins of Tintern Abbey. She had her infant in her arms, and was accompanied by a neighbor's daughter, a hale buxom wench about fifteen, who kindly offered to go with her, and help carry the child, a labor for which the still impaired health and delicate frame of Hester were hardly sufficient. They set forth, Hester leaning for support upon her father, having, at his suggestion, transferred her sleeping baby to the care of her young companion.

No possible human pain or sorrow could so deaden the perceptions of natural beauty in souls susceptible of its influence, as wholly to destroy the effects of such scenery as meets the eye between Tintern and Monmouth. The thick woody acclivities which fringe the opposite bank of the river; the rich meadows and green steeps which run shelving from the hills to the water's edge, on the hither side; the picturesque little hamlet of Brook Weir; the smooth translucent bay formed by the Wye, in front of the romantically-beautiful village of Landogs, built upon a lofty hill whose indented side is mantled with deep woods; the ruins of the castle of St. Briavels; the white sails of small vessels occasionally gliding along; the solemn stillness of the whole scene, and its surpassing magnificence, might drive away, for a time, all memory of past grief, and extinguish all sense of present wretchedness. The face of sorrow reflects the placid smile of surrounding nature; the bruised heart catches her repose; and the weary spirit revives, beneath those feelings which lift it to the Divine

Author of so much loveliness, while gazing, with silent gladness, upon its refreshing features.

Hester felt all the benign influence of this consolation from without; and when they arrived in Monmouth, she expressed an eager desire to go at once to the prison, anxious to have the full benefit of her composed and reanimated feelings, in the interview with her husband. It was well she yielded to this desire; for had there been the further delay of but half an hour, the object of her journey would have been frustrated. Contrary to what was first intimated to the prisoners, the day fixed for their departure was hastened, in consequence of the transport appointed to receive them having received peremptory orders to sail immediately. Due notice of this change was given to them all, that they who had friends, and wished to see them, might do so. But David Morgan did not trouble himself about the matter; and when Hester, with her child in her arms, presented herself at the prison gates, the vehicle in which the convicts were to proceed to the port of embarkation was already there.

She told her business in a faltering voice, and was conducted by the turnkey to an inner yard, where were assembled about a dozen men, whose scowling looks and ferocious countenances terrified her. They were mustered preparatory to removal. Among them stood David and old Morgan, handcuffed together, as were the others. Hester did not perceive them at first; but as they slowly approached her, she recognised her husband, and burst into tears. She was shocked at his altered appearance, for he was now in the dress of a convict, with his hair cut close to his head. She was still more shocked at beholding the iron manacles which bound him to his father.

She could not speak. Old Morgan was silent. David, in a hard, unfeeling tone, while not a feature of his face relaxed from its rigid harshness, merely said, "You are come at last; I thought you might have found your way here a little sooner." Hester could only reply by pointing to her baby, with a look of beseeching anguish, which seemed to say, "Do not upbraid me,—you forget I have given birth to this innocent." The mute appeal appeared to touch him; for he took her hand, and gazing for a moment upon its thin white fingers, and the blue veins that were not used to be so visible, till sickness had made them so, he kissed it. Hester drew nearer—leaned against her husband's bosom—and raising the infant towards his lips, whose little sparkling eyes unclosed themselves, as if to look upon its father, she exclaimed, in a scarcely articulate voice, "Kiss it, too, David—kiss our son, and bless him." The felon father bowed his head and kissed his innocent child, while, with his unfettered arm, he clasped closer to his breast its weeping mother. Nature asserted her prerogative for an instant; the husband and the father prevailed over the hardened criminal; and the heart of David owned that he was both. But the next instant he was neither. As if he thought it became him to play the churl, even at such a moment, or that he should lose character with his new companions, who were standing round, witnesses of this scene, he put Hester coldly from him, and muttered, as he turned away, "There—we have had enough of this nonsense."

Before Hester could reply, or remove her handkerchief from her eyes, one of the officers of the prison entered the yard, and ordered the convicts to follow him. David and old Morgan hurried out the first; and in less than a minute, there were left only Hester, her father, and the girl who had accompanied them. Mr. Lloyd waited till he heard the rattling of the lumbering machine as it drove off; and he then led Hester out. He had been a silent and a sad spectator of the interview; and he felt that it would be only an unnecessary pang, added to those she had already endured, if he permitted her to witness the actual departure of her husband. Her emotions, when he told her that he *was* gone, satisfied him he had judged rightly, and acted wisely. They were not those deep and maddening emotions which lacerate the heart, when a beloved object is torn from it forever. It was impossible they should be. But Hester had stood at the altar with David. She was a wife. He was her husband. She was a mother. He was the father of her children. Ill usage may destroy all the finer sympathies which hallow those relations in a woman's gentle and affectionate nature; but it is death alone,—or its equivalent, eternal separation in this world,—that can make her feel she has no longer a husband, and her children no longer a father. And when that feeling does come, it will wring the bosom with a sorrow unlike any other.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUTH OF THE FATHERLESS.

Hester returned to her father's house that day, and remained there thenceforward with her two children. The cottage which she had occupied since her marriage, was given up; and the produce of the little furniture it contained, when sold, her husband's creditors allowed her to keep, out of respect for herself, and pity for her misfortunes. It was an additional burden which Mr. Lloyd was ill able to bear; but his trust was in Him whose command it is that we should succor the distressed, protect the fatherless, and do all manner of good. In the bosom of her family, in the discharge of her maternal duties, in the occupation afforded her by superintending the education of the daughters of some of her neighbors, which enabled her to meet many of her own personal expenses, without drawing upon her father's slen-

der means, and in the peaceful retreat of the valley of Tintern, her mind gradually recovered much of its former tranquillity. A more pleasing retreat could not easily be found. "The woods and glades intermixed,"—to adopt the language of one who has been pronounced an oracle in all that concerns the picturesque,—the winding of the river,—the variety of the ground,—the splendid ruin, contrasted with the objects of nature, and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills which include the whole, make altogether a very enchanting piece of scenery. Every thing around breathes an air so calm and tranquil, so sequestered from the commerce of life, that it is easy to conceive a man of warm imagination, in monkish times, might have been allured by such a scene, to become an inhabitant of it."

In such a scene did Edmund, the son of David Morgan, pass his youth; and had he lived in "monkish times," by such a scene would his warm imagination have been allured, and he himself have become a monk of holy Tintern. It was his supreme delight, while yet a boy, to wander the livelong day amid the wild and craggy steep, the tangled thickets, the solitary glens, and the variously wooded slopes, of that magnificent amphitheatre, laid out by the hand of nature. It was no less his delight to linger round the ruins of the venerable abbey, as the shadows of evening descended upon them, or when the pale moon partially illuminated their grey walls, or streamed in trembling radiance through the ivy-wreathed windows. At such moments, his imagination would carry him back to the period when it was the abode of living piety; when the vesper hymn pealed along its echoing cloisters; and when all the pomp and solemnity of a religion which inflamed the mind by the seduction of the senses, reigned in sacred grandeur beneath its roof. Sometimes he would people the ruin with the creations of his heated fancy, summon from their graves the shadowy forms of holy men who had died there in ages past, and half believe he saw the visions of his brain embodied before his eyes.

In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If aught of ancestry may be believed,
Descending angels have conversed with men,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

At the period now described, Edmund Morgan was in his thirteenth year. He was no common boy; and his grandfather, who had watched the dawning of his character, moral and intellectual, prided himself upon his cultivation of both. Enthusiasm was its basis. In whatever he engaged, it was with the whole energy of his nature. It may be supposed, therefore, that he quickly mastered those branches of knowledge which were within the compass of Mr. Lloyd to teach, and who was also anxious that he should have the advantage of a more comprehensive education. But how was his benevolent desire to be accomplished? He was too poor to pay for it, and he was too friendless to obtain it from patronage. Accident, at length, if such events in the life of man may rightly be called accidents, shaped his destiny. Some trifling circumstance, so unheeded at the time, that no distinct recollection of it survived the occurrence, brought him into contact with an eccentric old gentleman of the neighborhood, who had signalized himself on more than one occasion by the apparent caprice with which he bestowed his bounty. The last act of the kind which had been talked of, was his stocking a small farm for an industrious young man, and giving him besides a hundred pounds to begin with, to whom he had never spoken till he called upon him, to announce his intention. But he had observed him frequently, in his walks, laboring early and late, in a little garden which was attached to his cottage; and had learned, upon inquiry, that he kept an aged mother, and a sister who was a cripple, out of the workhouse, by his scanty earnings. It was Edmund's good fortune to attract the notice of Squire Jones, in the way described; and it was not long after that he paid a visit to Mr. Lloyd, for the express purpose of asking a few questions about him. The good old man spoke with pride and affection of his pupil and grandson, but with despondency of his future prospects. "I have reared him as my own," said he, "from his cradle, and I should close my eyes in peace, if I could know, or reasonably hope, so goodly a branch would not be left to float like a worthless weed upon the stream of time."—"He shall be planted," replied Squire Jones. "Send for the boy. But never mind, just now. You know in what soil he will be most likely to thrive. I shall call again to-morrow. By that time make your choice, and leave the rest to me." The morrow came—the choice was made—and Edmund was to study for the Church, at Oxford, (the great ambition of his youthful mind,) upon an ample allowance secured to him by Squire Jones, in such a way as nothing but his own misconduct could forfeit.

If Edmund was the pride of his grandfather, he was no less the idol of his mother, who would sometimes think that Heaven had bestowed such a treasure on her, in compensation for what it had taken away. Perhaps her love for Edmund was somewhat heightened, by the circumstance that she had lost her first child when it was only four years old, and he had become, therefore, her only one; but, in truth his own affectionate disposition, his ingenuousness of character, and his intellectual endowments, were of themselves sufficient passports to all the love of a fond mother's heart. And Hester was a fond mother, though not a weak one. She looked forward with dejected feelings, to the now approaching moment of her first separation from her dear boy; but she was too grate-

fully conscious of the benefit he was to derive from the separation, to repine at it.

There had always been one subject, which, whenever it occupied the thoughts of Hester, was most painfully distressing to her. It was the mystery of Edmund's birth. She could not tell him his father was a convict, and she had no reason to believe that any one else had done so. She could not even tell him that he lived; for from the moment of his leaving Monmouth prison down to that of which we are now speaking, no tidings of him had reached her. Neither he nor old Morgan had written a single line to any relative or friend they had left behind. All she ever learned concerning him was that he had arrived safely at New South Wales. Edmund, when a child, would often talk of his father, merely because the word was constantly upon the lips of his playmates, and because he saw they had fathers. But as he grew older and began to reflect, a thousand little circumstances presented themselves to his mind, which convinced him there was some mystery, though he knew not what, that hung over his infancy. Once, and once only, he asked his mother, "Who is my father? And where is he?" But the silent agitation of Hester, for she could not answer him, sealed his lips upon that subject ever afterwards.

Edmund was in his sixteenth year when he went to the University, and he remained there, with the usual visits at home during the vacations, till he was one-and-twenty. The progress he made in his studies, and the character he bore for strict propriety of conduct well justified the munificent liberality of his patron. But he was denied one gratification, that of gladdening his grandfather's pride in him by the display of his scholastic attainments. The good old man, full of years and ripe in virtue, had breathed his last, from the gradual decay of nature, rather than from the inroads of disease, not long after he had seen the wish nearest his heart realized. Edmund was with him when he died, and he followed him to the grave with feelings which emphatically told him how he could have loved and how mourned—a father! By the interest of his benefactor, the curacy of Tintern was reserved for his benefit, when he should be duly qualified, by ordination, to assume its pastoral functions. Meanwhile, the place of Mr. Lloyd was supplied by a neighboring clergyman, to whom the fatigues of double duty were sweetened by something beyond the allotted stipend, out of the purse of Squire Jones.

CHAPTER IV.

A PAINFUL REVELATION.

The Rev. Edmund Morgan was in his three-and-twentieth year when, as the curate of Tintern, he took possession of the little parsonage house in which his youth had been passed, and which was endeared to him by the recollections of almost every incident in his yet spring tide of life, that could shed a charm upon the retrospect. He brought to his sacred office a larger stock of theological erudition, and a mind naturally of a higher order, than had belonged to his grandfather: but in the purity of his life, in the holiness of his zeal, and in his exemplary discharge of the numerous duties that belong to a faithful minister of the gospel, he had an example ever present to his memory, which it was his constant prayer he might be able to follow. One only circumstance troubled the calm and peaceful flow of the serene current of his life. A heavy grief—some untold sorrow—lay like a canker at his mother's heart; its ravages were undermining her health, and contracting, with fearful rapidity, the already too little space which stretched between her and the grave. Her wan features, her secret tears, whose traces were frequently visible in her swollen eyes, when she appeared at the breakfast table, and those unbidden sighs that would burst from her at times, as if her heart were full to breaking, caused Edmund many a sleepless night, and many a waking hour of melancholy thoughts. There had ever been so much of unreserved communication between himself and his mother, upon all things save this one, that he felt he had here no right to intrude upon the sanctuary of her grief, because he concluded she must have sufficient reasons for drawing around it so impenetrable a veil. When however he perceived what inroads it was making upon a life so dear to him, he could no longer be restrained by these delicate considerations.

His mother entered his room one morning in extreme agitation. "You have heard," said she, with a faltering voice, "of the dreadful business that took place last week; the murder, for so it is considered, of one of the Duke of Beaufort's game-keepers, in a scuffle between him and the poacher, Isaac Price."

"I have," replied Edmund, "and the wretched man will surely be hung, if he is taken."

"He is taken," answered Mrs. Morgan, "and lodged in Monmouth jail."

"It is the law of God and man," said Edmund, "that whoso sheddeth the blood of another, his own blood shall be the atonement. Why this excessive agitation, my dear mother? What is it that troubles you so grievously, and that has long troubled you?"

"You shall know, Edmund; for it is better you should hear it from my lips than from those of others, and concealment is now no longer possible. Isaac Price is your father!"

"My father!" exclaimed Edmund; and he spoke not another word. His mother wept bitterly. For several minutes they sat in

silence; the thoughts of Mrs. Morgan travelling through a miserable past, and those of her son absorbed in the conflict of present amazement and future suffering. He had found a father, but the first impulse of his feelings was to blush at the discovery. He had learned the secret of his birth, and the knowledge of it tinged his cheek with shame. He waited till his mother became more calm, and then prepared to listen to a tale which he knew must deeply afflict him. She, with as much composure as she could command, related all the circumstances attending her marriage with David Morgan, and of the crime for which he was transported. But in what she further disclosed, Edmund at once discovered the cause of that ceaseless sorrow which had so long harassed her. The term of his sentence having expired, and his father being dead, David obtained a passage back to England; and it was in the summer of the year following that in which Edmund went to Oxford, that he reappeared in his native place. He did not make himself known; and indeed his appearance was so altered in the seventeen years he had been absent, that no one could have recognised him at first sight. But he prowled about the neighborhood; and one evening, when Hester was walking out alone, he suddenly presented himself before her. She was alarmed, thinking he was some man who intended to insult, or perhaps rob her. He called her by her name; his voice awakened the recollection of him in her memory, and gazing at him for a moment, she knew it was her husband.

He made a few inquiries about herself, her father, and her children; but told her he never meant to trouble her by claiming her as his wife. "I am poor enough," said he, "and I suppose you are not over rich; but when I want a guinea, I shall not be particular in looking to you for it; and I expect you will not begrudge to get rid of me upon such easy terms. If you have any money in your pocket now, it is more than I have in mine, and a few shillings will be acceptable to me." Hester gave him what she had; but before she could utter a word in reply, he had turned upon his heel and entered a coppice by the road side, observing, as he went away, "Remember, if you wish to be free from David Morgan, you will not deny Isaac Price, whenever he sends or watches for you." From that time he had continued to persecute her; sometimes with threatening messages, and sometimes by dogging her steps, so that she almost dreaded to leave the parsonage house. How he contrived to live she could only surmise from what she heard about him, every now and then, as Isaac Price, till at length the affray between him and one of the Duke of Beaufort's game-keepers led to the awful catastrophe which caused him to be apprehended as a murderer.

Edmund listened to this recital with deep attention; and, when it was concluded, he exclaimed, after a short pause, "Mother, I will see my father. I can do nothing for him in this world, which he must so soon leave: but he is not prepared for the next; and his eternal soul must not perish." There was consolation to Hester's heart in these words of her son; and her sorrow was not without gladness, when she thought of the good work which filial piety might accomplish.

CHAPTER V.

A SON'S DUTY.

THE very next day, Edmund went to Monmouth, and procured an interview with Isaac Price. He did not disclose himself; but assumed the character of a friend of Mrs. Morgan merely; sent by her to know if there were any service which she could render him in his present situation. It may be imagined with what feelings he beheld, for the first time, him who was his father in the degraded condition of a felon and a murderer. He scarcely looked at Edmund while speaking to him; but once or twice their eyes met, and—it might be fancy—but his manner seemed disturbed, as if some dimly remembered resemblance of features once familiar to him were suddenly awakened; for Edmund was exceedingly like his mother. To the pretended message, of which Edmund represented himself as the bearer, his answer was, that "he knew of no service which Mrs. Morgan, or anybody else, could render him, unless she could save his neck from the halter; and, if she would supply him with money to pay the lawyers well, perhaps he might get off." Edmund, who felt deeply shocked at this reprobate speech, and at the reckless insensibility it evinced of the awful situation in which his father stood, said, he would undertake to promise for Mrs. Morgan that, whatever money might be required to obtain for him the utmost benefit of legal assistance, should be ready. He then endeavored, indirectly, to lead him into a conversation upon the nature of the crime with which he was charged, and the certain consequences of his conviction; but he maintained a sullen silence; and, at last, manifested no equivocal symptoms of a determination to put an end to the interview. Edmund, therefore, took his leave.

It wanted full two months of the time when the assizes would commence; and, during the whole of that period, Edmund sought frequent opportunities, (sometimes twice or thrice in the course of a week,) of visiting his father, as the messenger of Mrs. Morgan; but at none of these visits did David give him to understand he was indebted for this solicitude, on her part, to that which was the real cause. Edmund, at length, beheld the ripening harvest which was

to reward his hallowed labors. Inspired with a holy ardor, beyond what even his sacred zeal in the cause of heaven could excite in ordinary circumstances; and his fervent piety exalted by the consciousness that it was a father's salvation he was seeking; every impulse of his heart and mind, every energy which religion could animate, was employed to regenerate the sinful nature, and touch the hardened bosom of the criminal. Much, he considered, was accomplished, when he had brought him into such a state of feeling, that he would listen patiently and attentively to his mild yet earnest exhortations, though they elicited no corresponding demonstrations of repentant sorrow. But most was he rejoiced, and most assured did he then feel of ultimate success, when, as he was one evening about to depart, after having enforced, with more than his usual eloquence, the great doctrine of a sincere repentance and a true reconciliation unto God, through the Redeemer, his father took him by the hand, and in a voice of supplication almost, rather than of inquiry, said, "When shall I see you again, sir?" He had never before asked a similar question: he had never before manifested the slightest desire for his return; and his doing so now, was a grateful evidence to Edmund that his awakened heart began to hunger for the words of eternal life,—for the consolation of believing, with a devout and lively faith, that "if we confess our sins, God is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and make us clean from all wickedness." Nor was this a delusive promise. The seed of righteousness had been sown; the tree had taken root; and the diligent laborer in the vineyard saw its branches shoot forth, bearing goodly and pleasant fruit.

The day of trial came, and David was arraigned as a criminal before man; but stood before his judges as one who, having made his peace with God, was prepared to atone for the life he had taken, by the just forfeiture of his own. He was convicted, and sentence of death passed upon him. He heard it with an air of composure and resignation, which even they who knew not the conversion that had been wrought within him, still recognised as the workings of a contrite heart, and not as the insensibility of an obdurate and callous one. He returned to his cell, and greeted Edmund, whom he found waiting for him, with a serene smile, that seemed to say, the last mortal pang will soon be past, and you have taught my soul how to pray for mercy; and hope for happiness hereafter. The short interval that remained to him before he ascended the scaffold was so employed, and his demeanor such, that Edmund's heart yearned to receive a blessing from lips which were now washed pure from guilt. He could not endure the thought that his father should quit the world in ignorance that the son, whom he knew not, had been a shining light to show him the path of salvation. And yet he feared lest the disclosure might discompose his thoughts, and bring them back again to earth. He was thus unresolved, and the fatal morning approached. Edmund passed the whole of the preceding night with his father, in those solemn exercises of devotion which are the fitting preparations of an immortal soul for heaven. The dim light of a lamp fell upon his features as he bent over a Bible which lay open before him, and from which he was reading such passages as were most appropriate to the situation of his father.

David fixed his eyes upon him with sudden emotion, and exclaimed, "It is very striking!" Edmund looked up. "I was thinking at that moment," he continued, "of one whom it would have delighted me to see ere I die, though I have never mentioned her to you, sir, as my wife. But you are her friend, and I hope you have found cause to speak of me to her in such a way that I may feel assured of her forgiveness for all the misery I have occasioned her."

"My mother," exclaimed Edmund, with an emphatic solemnity of voice, "is on her knees this night, to pray for you, and to join her intercessions with those of your son."

David's breathing was quick, and his whole frame violently agitated; but he could not utter a word.

"Father!" cried Edmund, and knelt before him.

David took his son's hands and pressed them convulsively to his bosom, but still he could not speak, though he wept as a child. In a few minutes the struggle was over, and he was able calmly to learn how mysteriously the will of God had brought about his conversion by the holiness of his own issue.

The morning dawned, and only a few hours now remained before he would have to suffer the brief agony of a death which no longer appalled him by its terrors. He earnestly entreated Edmund to accompany him to the scaffold, that he might see with how much christian fortitude he could meet his doom. It was a dreadful task, but he shrank not from it. He walked by his father's side. As they passed through one of the yards leading to the place of execution, David stopped and spoke to his son. "It was on this very spot," said he, "that I first looked upon you, then an infant in the arms of your mother; and she held you to me, and bade me kiss you; and I did so. It was my first kiss. Receive here, my son, my last; and, if I am worthy to beg a blessing from heaven upon you, may your life be spared till a child of your own shall smooth your path to the grave, as you have smoothed mine!" So saying, he bent forward, pressed his lips gently on the forehead of Edmund, then walked on with a firm step, and, in a few moments, David Morgan had satisfied alike the laws of God and man, by rendering life for life.

From the Ladies' Companion.

MISS JONES' SON.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Quamvis ridentem, dicere verum quid vetat?

One night towards the close of the London season—the last week in August, or thereabouts—the Deptford omnibus set down a gentleman at one of the small brick-block cottages on the Kent road. He was a very quietly disposed person, with a face rather inscrutable to a common eye, and might, or might not, pass for what he was—a man of mark. His age was perhaps thirty, and his manners and movements had that cool security which can come only from converse with a class of society that is beyond being laughed at. He was handsome—but when the style of a man is well pronounced, that is an unobserved trifle.

Perhaps the reader will step into No. 10, Verandah Row, without further ceremony.

The room—(scarce more than a squirrel-box from back to front,)—was divided by folding doors, and the furniture was fanciful and neatly kept. The canary-bird in a very small cage, in the corner, seemed rather an intruder on such small quarters. You could scarce give a guess what style of lady was tenant of such miniature gentility.

The omnibus passenger sat down in one of the little cane-bottomed and straight-backed chairs, and presently the door opened and a stout elderly woman whose skirts really filled up the remaining void of the little parlor, entered with a cordial exclamation, and an affectionate embrace was exchanged between them.

"Well, my dear mother!" said the visitor, "I am off to-morrow to Warwickshire to pass the shooting season, and I came to wind up your household clock-work, to go for a month—(ticking, I am sorry to say!) What do you want? How is the tea-caddy?"

"Out of green, James, but the black will do till you come back. La! don't talk of such matters when you are just going to leave me. I'll step up stairs and make you out a list of my wants presently. Tell me—where are you going in Warwickshire? I went to school in Warwickshire. Dear me! the lovers I had there! Well, well! Where did you say you were going?"

To the Marquis of Headfort—Headfort Court, I think his place is called—a post and a half from Stratford. Were you ever there, mother?"

"I there, indeed! no, my son! But I had a lover near Stratford—young Sir Humphrey Fencher, he was then—old Sir Humphrey now! I'm sure he remembers me, long as it is since I saw him—and, James, I'll give you a letter to him. Yes—I should like to know how he looks, and what he will say to my grown up boy, I'll go and write it now, and look over the groceries at the same time. If you move your chair James, don't crush the canary-bird!"

The mention of the letter of introduction lingered in the ear of the gentleman left in the parlor, and smiling to himself with a look of covert humor, he drew from his pocket a letter of which it reminded him—the letter of introduction, on the strength of which he was going to Warwickshire. As this and the one which was being written up stairs, were the two pieces of ordnance destined to propel the incidents of our story, the reader will excuse us for presenting them as a "make ready."

Crockford's, Monday.

DEAR FRED.—Nothing going on in town, except a little affair of my own, which I can't leave to go down to you. Dull even at Crocky's—nobody plays this hot weather. And now, as to your commissions. You will receive Dupree, the cook, by to-night's mail. Grisi won't come to you without her man—("twasn't thus when we were boys!") so I send you a figurante, and you must do tableaux. I was luckier in finding you a wit. S—, will be with you to-morrow, though by the way, it is only on condition of meeting Lady Midge Bellasys, for whom, if she is not with you, you must exert your inveiglements. This, by way, only of shuttlecock and battledore, however, for they play at wit together—nothing more, on her part at least. Look out for this devilish fellow, my lord Fred!—and live thin 'till you see the last of him—for he'll laugh you into your second apoplexy with the dangerous ease of a hair-trigger. I could amuse you with a turn or two in my late adventures, but Black and White are bad confidants, though very well as a business firm. And, mentioning them, I have drawn on you for a temporary £500, which please lump with my other loan, and oblige

Yours, faithfully,

VAURIEN.

To the Rt. Hon. The Marquis of Headfort."

And here follows the letter of Mrs. S—, to her ancient lover, the Baronet of Warwickshire:

"No. 10, Verandah Row, Kent Road.

DEAR SIR HUMPHREY:—Perhaps you will scarce remember Jane Jones, to whom you presented the brush of your first fox. This was thirty years ago. I was then at school in the little village near Tally-ho Hall. Dear me! how well I remember it! On hearing of your marriage, I accepted an offer from my late husband, Mr. S—, and our union was blessed with one boy, who, I must say, is an angel of goodness. Out of his small income, my dear James furnished and rented this very genteel house, and he tells me I shall have it for life, and provides me one servant, and everything I could possibly want. Thrice a week he comes out to spend the day and dine with me, and in short he is the pattern of good sons. As this dear boy is going down to Warwickshire, I cannot resist the desire I have that you should know him, and that he should bring me back an account of my lover in days gone by. Anyat-

tentions to him, dear Sir Humphrey, will very much oblige one whom you once was happy to oblige, and still

Your sincere friend,

JANE S—,
formerly JONES.

It was a morning astray from Paradise when S—awoke at Stratford. Ringing for his breakfast he requested that the famous hostess of the Red Horse would grace him so far as to join him over the muffin and a cup of coffee, and betwixt the pauses of his toilet, he indited a note enclosing his mother's letter of introduction to Sir Humphrey.

Enter dame hostess, prim and respectful, and as breakfast proceeded, S—easily informed himself of the geography of Tally-ho Hall, and the existing branch and foliage of the family tree. Mr. Humphrey's domestic circle consisted of a daughter and a niece, (his only son having gone with his regiment to the Canada wars,) and the Hall lay half way to Headfort Court—the Fenchers, his Lordship's nearest neighbors, Mrs. Boniface was inclined to think.

S—divided his morning very delightfully between the banks of the Avon and the be-scribbled localities of Shakspeare's birth and residence and by two o'clock the messenger returned with this note from Sir Humphrey:

DEAR SIR:—I remember Miss Jones very well, but, God bless me, I thought she had been dead many years. I am sure I shall be very happy to see her son. Will you come out and dine with us?—dinner at seven.

Your obe't servant,

James S—, Esq.

HUMPHREY FENCHER.

As the crack wit and diner-out of his time, S—was as well known to the brilliant society of London as the face of the "gold stick in waiting," at St. James', and, with his very common name, he was as little likely to be recognized out of his peculiar sphere as the noble lord, when walking in Cheapside, to be recognized as the "stick," so often mentioned in the Court Journal. He had delayed his visit to Headfort Court for a day, and undertaken to deliver his mother's letter, and look up her long syne lover, very much as he would stop in the Strand to purchase her a parcel of snuff—purely from the filial habit of always doing her bidding, even in whims. He had very little curiosity to see a Warwickshire Nimrod, and, 'till his post-chaise stopped at the lodge-gate at Tally-ho Hall, it had never entered his head to speculate upon the ground of his introduction to Sir Humphrey, nor to anticipate the nature of his reception. His name had been so long to him an "open sesame," that he had no doubt of its potency, and least of all when he pronounced it at an inferior gate in the barriers of society.

The dressing-bell had rang, and S—was shown into the vacant drawing-room, where he buried himself in the deepest chair he could find, and sat looking at the wall with the composure of a barber's customer waiting to be shaved. There presently entered two young ladies, very showily dressed, who called him Mr. Jones," in reply to his salutation, and immediately fell to promenading between the two old mirrors at the extremities of the room, discoursing upon topics evidently chosen to exclude the new-comer from the conversation. With rather a feeling that it was their loss, not his, S—recomposed himself in the leathern chair and resumed the perusal of the oaken ceiling. The neglect sat upon him a little uncomfortably withal.

"How d'ye do, young man! What! you are Miss Jones' son, eh?" was the salutation of a burly old gentleman, who now entered and shook hands with the great incognito. "Here! 'Bel! Fan! Mr. Jones! My daughter and my niece, Mr. Jones!"

S—was too indignant for a moment to explain that Miss Jones had changed her name before his birth, and on second thought, finding that his real character was not suspected, and that he represented to Sir Humphrey simply the obscure son of an obscure girl, pretty, thirty years ago, he fell quietly into the rôle expected of him, and walked patiently into dinner with Miss Fencher, who accepted his arm for that purpose, but forgot to take it!

It was hard to be witty as a Mr. Jones, but the habit was strong, and the opportunities were good, and S—, warming with his first glass of Sherry, struck out some sparks that would have passed for gems of the first water, with choicer listeners; but wit is slowly recognized when not expected, and though now and then the young ladies stared, and now and then the old Baronet chuckled and said "egad! very well!" there was evidently no material rise in the value of Mr. Jones, and he at last confined his social talents exclusively to his wine glass and nut-picker, feeling, spite of himself, as stupid as he seemed.

Relieved of the burthen of replying to their guest, the young ladies now took up a subject which evidently lay nearest their hearts—a series of *dejeuners*, the first of which was to come off the following morning at Headfort Court. As if by way of caveat, in case Mr. Jones should fancy that he could be invited to accompany Sir Humphrey, Miss Fencher took the trouble to explain, that these were, by no means, common county entertainments, but exclusive and select parties, under the patronage of the beautiful and witty Lady Imogen Bellasys, now a guest at Headfort. Her Ladyship had not only stipulated for *societe choisie*, but had invited down a celebrated London wit, a great friend of her own, to do the mottoes and keep up the spirit of the masques and tableaux. Indeed, Miss Fencher considered herself as more particularly the guest and ally of Lady Imogen, never having been permitted during her mother's life to visit Headfort, (though she did not see what the Marquis' private character had to do with his visiting list,) and she expected to be called upon to serve as a sort of maid of honor, or in some way to

assist Lady Imogen, who had invited her very affectionately, after church, on Sunday. She thought, perhaps, she had better wake up Sir Humphrey while she thought of it, (and while papa was good natured, as he always was after dinner,) and exact of him a promise that the great London Mr., what d'ye call 'im, should be invited to pass a week at Tally-ho Hall—for, of course, as mutual allies of Lady Imogen, Miss Fencer and he would become rather well acquainted.

To this enlightenment, of which we have given only a brief resumer, Mr. Jones listened attentively, as he was expected to do, and was very graciously answered, when, by way of feeling one of the remote pulses of his celebrity, he ventured to ask for some farther particulars about the London wit aforementioned. He learned, somewhat to his disgust, that his name was either Brown or Simpson, some very common name, however, but that he had a wonderful talent for writing impromptu epigrams on people, and singing them afterwards to impromptu music on the piano, and that he was supposed to be a natural son of Talleyrand or Lord Byron, Miss Fencer had forgotten which. He had written something, but Miss Fencer had forgotten what. He was very handsome—no, very plain—indeed, Miss Fencer had forgotten which—but it was one or the other.

At this crisis of the conversation, Sir Humphrey roused from his post-prandial snooze and begged Mr. Jones to pass the Port and open the door for the ladies. By the time the gloves were rescued from under the table, the worthy Baronet had drained a bumper, and, with his descending glass, dropped his eyes to the level of his daughter's face, where they rested with paternal admiration. Miss Fencer was far from ill-looking, and she well knew that her father waxed affectionate over his wine.

"Papa!" said she, coming behind him, and looking down his throat, as he strained his head backwards, leaving his reluctant double chin resting on his cravat. "I have a favor to ask, my dear papa!"

"He shall go, my dear! he shall go! I have been thinking of it—I'll arrange it, Bel! I'll arrange it! Go your ways, chick, and send me my slippers!" gurgled the Baronet, with his usual rapid brevity when slightly elevated.

Miss Fencer turned quite pale.

"Pa—pa!" she exclaimed, with horror in her voice, coming round front, "pa—pa!—good gracious! Do you know it is the most exclusive—however papa! let us talk that over in the other room. What I wished to ask is quite another matter. You know that Mr.—Mr.—"

"The gentleman you mean is probably James S——" interrupted Mr. Jones.

"Thank you, sir, so it is!" continued Miss Fencer, putting her hand upon the Baron's mouth, who was about to speak—"it is Mr. James S——, and what I wish, papa, is, to have Mr. James S—— invited to pass a week with us. You know, papa, we shall be very intimate—James S—— and I—both of us assisting Lady Imogen, you know, papa! and—and—stay 'till I get some note-paper—will you, dear papa!"

"You will have your way, chick, you will have your way," sighed Sir Humphrey, getting his spectacles out of a very tight pocket on his hip. "But bless me, I can't write in the evening. Mr. Jones—perhaps Mr. Jones will write for me—just present my compliments to Mr. S——, and request the honor and all that—can you do it, Mr. Jones?"

S—— rapidly indited a polite note to himself, which he handed to Miss Fencer for her approbation, and meantime entered the butler with the coffee.

"Stiggins!" cried Sir Humphrey—"I wish Mr. Jones—"

"Good Heavens! papa!" exclaimed Miss Fencer, ending the remainder of her oburgation in a whisper in her father's ear. But the Baronet was not in a mood to be controlled.

"My love!—Bell, I say!—he shall go. You d-d-d diddend see Miss Jones' letter. He's a p-p-p-pattern of filial duty!—he gives his mother a house and all she wants!—he's a good son, I tell you! St-Stiggins, come here! Pass the Port, Jones, my good fellow!"

Stiggins stepped forward a pace, and presented his white waistcoat, and Miss Fencer flounced out of the room in a passion.

"Stiggins!" said the old man, a little more tranquilly since he had no fear of being interrupted, "I wish my friend, Mr. Jones, here, to see this cock-a-hoop business to-morrow. It'll be a fine sight, they tell me. I want to see it, Stiggins! You understand me. His mother, Miss Jones, was a very pretty girl, Stiggins! And she'll be very glad to hear that her boy has seen such a fine show—eh, Jones? eh Stiggins? Well, you know what I want. The Headfort tenants will have a place provided for them, of course—some shrubbery, eh?—some gallery—some place behind the musicians, where they are out of the way, but can see—isn't it so? eh? eh?"

"Yes, Sir Humphrey—no doubt, Sir Humphrey!" acceded Stiggins, with his ears till open to know how the details were to be managed.

"Well—very well—and you'll take Jones with you in the dickey—eh—Thomas will go on the box—eh? Will that do?—and Mr. Jones will stay with us to-night, and perhaps you'll show him his room, now, and talk it over, eh, Stiggins?—good night, Mr. Jones!—good night, Jones, my good fellow!"

And Sir Humphrey, having done this act of grateful reminiscence for his old sweetheart, managed to find his way into the next room unaided.

S—— had begun, by this time, to see "straw for his bricks," in the course matters were taking, and instead of throwing a decanter after Sir Humphrey, and knocking down the butler for calling him Mr. Jones, he accepted Stiggins' convoy to the housekeeper's room, and with his droll

stories and funny ways, kept the maids and footmen in convulsions of laughter 'till break of day. Such a merry time had not come off in Servants' Hall for many a day, and of many a precious morsel of the high life below stairs of Tally-ho Hall did he pick the brains of the delighted Abigails.

The ladies, busied with their toilettes, had their breakfasts in their own rooms, and Mr. Jones did not make his appearance 'till after the baronet had achieved his red herring and seltzer. The carriage came round at twelve, and the ladies stepped in dressed for triumph, tumbled after by burley Sir Humphrey, who required one side of the vehicle to himself—Mr. Jones outside, on the dickey with Stiggins, as previously arranged.

Half way up the long avenue of Headfort Court, Stiggins relinquished the dickey to its rightful occupant, Thomas, and, with Mr. Jones, turned off by a side path that led to the dairy and offices—the latter barely saving his legs, however, for the manœuvre was performed servant fashion, while the carriage kept its way.

Lord Headfort was a widower, and his niece, Lady Imogen Bellasys, the wittiest and loveliest girl in England, stood upon the lawn for the mistress of the festivities. She had occasion for a petticoat *aid de camp*, and she knew that Lord Headfort wished to propitiate his Warwickshire neighbors, and as Miss Fencer was a fine grenadier-looking girl, she promoted her to that office immediately on her arrival, decking her for the nonce with a broad blue ribbon of authority. Miss Fencer made the best use of her powers of self-congratulation, and thanked God privately besides, that Sir Humphrey had provided an eclipse for Mr. Jones; for with the drawback of presenting such a superfluous acquaintance of their own to the fastidious eyes of Lady Imogen, she felt assured that her new honors would never have arrived to her. She had had a hint, moreover, from her dressing-maid, of Mr. Jones' comicalities below stairs, and the fact that he was a person who could be funny in a kitchen, was quite enough to confirm the aristocratic instinct by which she had at once pronounced upon his condition. If her papa had been gay in his youth, there was no reason why every Miss Jones should send her child to him to be made a gentleman of! "Filial pattern," indeed!"

The gayeties began. The French figurante, despatched by Lord Vaurien from the opera, made up her tableaux from the beauties, and those who had ugly faces, but good figures, tried their attitudes on the archery-lawn, and those whose complexions would stand the aggravation, tripped to the dancing tents, and the falcon was flown, and the greyhounds were coursed, and a few couple of Warwickshire lads tried their backs at a wrestling fall, and the time wore on. But to Lady Imogen's shrewd apprehension, it wore on very heavily. There was no wit afloat. Nobody seemed gayer than he meant to be. The bubble was wanting to their champagne of enjoyment. Miss Fencer's blue ribbon went to and fro like a pendulum, perpetually crossing the lawn between Lady Imogen and the footman in waiting, to inquire if a post-chaise had arrived from London.

"I will never forgive that James S——, never!" pettishly vowed her ladyship, as Miss Fencer came back for the fiftieth time with no news of his arrival.

"Better feed your menagerie at once!" whispered Lord Headfort to his niece, as he caught a glance at her vexed face in passing.

The decision with which the order was given to serve breakfast, seemed to hurry the very heat of the kitchen fires, for in an incredibly short time, the hot soups and delicate *entremets* of Monsieur Dupres were on the tables, and breakfast was announced. The band played a march, the games were abandoned, Miss Fencer followed close upon the heels of her *chef*, to secure a seat in her neighborhood, and in ten minutes a hundred questions of precedence were settled, and Sir Humphrey, somewhat to his surprise, and as much to his delight, was called to the left hand of the Marquis. Tally-ho Hall was in the ascendant.

During the first assault upon the soups, the band played a delicious set of waltzes, terminating with the clatter of changing plates. But at the same moment, above all the ring of impinging china, arose a shout of laughter from a party somewhere without the pavilion, and so sustained and hearty was the peal, that the servants stood petrified with their dishes, and the guests sat in wondering silence. The steward was instantly despatched to enforce order, and Lord Headfort explained, that the tenants were feasting on beef and ale, in the thicket beyond, though he could scarce imagine what should amuse them so uncommonly.

"They have promised to maintain order, my lord!" said the steward, returning, and stooping to his master's ear, "but there is a droll gentleman among them, my lord!"

"Then I dare swear it's better fun than this," mumbled his lordship for the steward's hearing, as he looked round upon the unamused faces in his neighborhood.

"Headfort!" cried Lady Imogen, presently, from the other end of the table, "did you send to Stratford for S——, or did you not? Let us know whether there is a chance of his coming."

"Upon my honor, Lady Imogen, my own chariot has been at the Stratford Inn, waiting for him since morning," was the Marquis' answer.—"Vaurien wrote that he had booked him by the mail of the night before! I'd give a thousand pounds if he were here!"

Bursts of laughter breaking through all efforts to suppress them, again rose from the offending quarter.

"It's a Mr. Jones, my lord," said the steward, speaking between the Marquis and Sir Humphrey; "he's a friend of Sir Humphrey's butler—"

and—if you will excuse me, my lord—Stiggins says he is the son of a Miss Jones, formerly an acquaintance of Sir Humphrey's!"

Red as a turkey-cock grew the old Baronet in a moment. "I beg ten thousand pardons for having intruded here, my lord!" said Sir Humphrey; "it's a poor lad that brought me a letter from his mother, and I told Stiggins—"

But here Stiggins approached with a couple of notes for his master, and begging permission of the Marquis, Sir Humphrey put on his spectacles to read. The guests at the table, meantime, were passing the wine very slowly, and conversation more slowly still, and, with the tranquillity that reigned in the pavilion, the continued though half-smothered merriment of the other party was provokingly audible.

"Can't we borrow a little fun from those merry people?" cried Lady Imogen, throwing up her eyes despairingly as the Marquis exchanged looks with her.

"If we could induce Sir Humphrey to introduce his friend, Jones, to us—"

"I introduce him?" exclaimed the fuming Baronet, tearing off his spectacles in a rage; "read that before you condescend to talk of noticing such a varlet! Faith! I think he's a clown from a theatre, or the waiter from a pot-house!"

The Marquis read:—

DEAR NUNCLE:—It's hard on to six o'clock, and I'm engaged at seven to a junketting at the "Hen and Chickens," with Stiggins and the maids. If you intend to make me acquainted with your great lord, now is the time. If you don't, I shall walk in presently and introduce myself; for I know how to make my own way, nuncle—ask Miss Bel's maid, and the other girls you introduced me to at Tally-ho Hall! Be in a hurry. I'm just outside. Yours, JONES.

Sir Humphrey Fencher.

The excitement of Sir Humphrey, and the amused face of the Marquis as he read, had drawn Imogen from her seat, and as he read aloud, at her request, the urgent epistle of Mr. Jones, she clapped her hands with delight, and insisted on having him in. Sir Humphrey declared he should take it as an affront if the thing was insisted on, and Miss Fencher, who had followed to her father's chair, and heard the reading of the note, looked the picture of surprised indignation. "Insolent! vulgar! abominable!" was all the compliment she ventured upon, however.

"Will you let me look at Mr. Jones' note?" said Lady Imogen.

"Good Heavens!" she exclaimed, after glancing at it an instant, "I was sure it must be he!"

And out ran the beautiful queen of the festivities, and the next moment, to Sir Humphrey's amazement and Miss Fencher's utter dismay, she returned, dragging in, with her own scarf around his body, and her own wreath of roses around his head, the friend of Stiggins—the abominable Jones! Up jumped the Marquis and called him by name, (not Jones,) and seized him by both hands, and up jumped with delighted acclamation half a dozen other of the more distinguished guests at the table, and the merriment now was on the other side of the thicket.

It was five or ten minutes before they were again seated at table, S—, on Lady Imogen's right hand, but there were two vacant chairs, for Sir Humphrey and his daughter had taken advantage of the confusion to disappear, and the field was open, therefore, for a full account of Mr. Jones' adventures above and below stairs at Tally-ho Hall. A better subject never fell into the hand of that inimitable humorist, and gloriously he made use of it.

As he concluded, amid convulsions of laughter, the butler brought in a note addressed to James S—, Esq., which had been given him by Stiggins early in the day—his own autograph invitation to the hospitalities of Tally-ho Hall!

From Frazer's Magazine.

"MILOR TROTTER CHIGSWELL."

Are the venerable Josephisms of Paris equally ancient in London? In plainer English, has every story which may be denominated an *old Joe* in the one capital become equally *use* and antiquated in the other? Perhaps not. By way of trial, however, we shall record one.

John Trotter, we are informed by our eminent historian, was a great oddity; so odd, indeed, that our incredulity threatens to commence at the very outset of the tale. We can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that any "*Jean Boell*" ever could have behaved quite so foolishly as this hero. *Milor Trotter*, it appears, was an English gentleman of good fortune, having been "well off" from his boyhood. Besides, in his mature age, he succeeded to a large stock of cash, and also to some lands, de-mised to him by a wealthy cheesemonger of Nottingham, named Chigswell. With all these advantages, instead of enjoying himself quietly at home, we are told that he gradually became tired of English life,—tired of hunting, drinking, farming, gambling, horse-racing, love-making, (but this was after a disappointment,)—tired of everything, even of his own elbow-chair, and suddenly went over to France. But why? Not merely, it seems, to "make himself uneasy," but with the specific purpose of seeking adventures, and in particular to provide himself with a French wife!

Arrived in Paris, he of course rented handsome apartments, and, like the rest of his idle countrymen, visited the theatres, concert-rooms, promenades, restaurants, and coffee-houses, spending much money and deriving from it very little amusement. By his observations on the fair sex, however, he found himself agreeably surprised. Notwithstanding his crotchety notions about marriage, he had at home been taught to

believe that French women were for the most part meagre, yellow-complexioned, capricious, and coquettish. He found them, on the contrary, handsome, rosy-cheeked, good-humored, and orderly. His plans, therefore, acquired a new *impetus*. But, forsooth, he must have a romantic *liaison*, therefore had brought no letters of introduction except to his banker, nor wished for any. As already indicated, he was a knight-errant in quest of adventures, and the foreign lady, if won, must not be so by the mere glitter of English gold. She must prefer him for his own sake, and his ample fortune should rather be an agreeable surprise to her afterwards.

Three months had passed away without any occurrence which promised much for the success of John's plans. At length, something very remarkable did turn up! He had been, as usual, to the theatre, after which, having met with some English friends, they had gone to a *café* and ordered a bowl of champagne *punch*, which lasted till after midnight, when John walked home considerably exhilarated.

His route led him through a street rather dull and little frequented.—Here, all of a sudden, his sensibilities were shocked by repeated cries for help, evidently proceeding from a female voice. Hastening up as the sounds guided him, he perceived, nearly opposite to the *porte cochère* of a handsome house, two drunken rascals, who were laughing aloud over their own insulting conduct to a lady of good figure and respectably attired, who seemed in a paroxysm of distress and consternation.

Hereupon, and in one instant, John's resolution was fixed. He attacked them both; that is to say, knocked one down with great facility, then put himself into a boxing attitude to meet the other. That other, however, directly ran away, and the fallen man seemed already to have got enough. John, therefore, believed his next duty would be that of offering his arm to the young lady, with whom he would have the pleasure of walking home. Instead of this, she was knocking vehemently at the *porte cochère* of the handsome hotel already mentioned. John ran up in time, as he thought, to pay his respects, but at the same moment the vile wicket was opened and she stepped in without ever once turning her head!

"Exceedingly obliged!" said she, in a rather sweet and full-toned voice. "*Monsieur est tres-honnete*. I am excessively grateful."

And, as the French would say, *c'en étoit fait*; there was an end of the matter. John felt very queer at this abrupt *finale*! To many people the whole affair might have appeared quite insignificant; but it was not so to *milor*. Alone he had vanquished and put to flight two ruffians who were insulting a fashionable and as he believed, beautiful young lady. But then the said qualifications of youth and beauty, could they be sworn to? Yes, assuredly she *must* be handsome. The figure alone bespoke and guaranteed the face. And, after the champion-like conduct on his part, all the recompense he had met with was a vague expression of thanks and the door most decidedly flung into his face!

Under such circumstances, John could not bring himself to leave the scene of action. In the first place, he determined to mark the house in such manner that, without knowing the number, and in defiance of all doubt, he might make his way thither in the morning. The formation of such a memorandum could not require much time or trouble. But a thousand thoughts traversed and jostled one after another through John's confused brain.—Over and over the question arose,—was the lady really respectable, really young, and really handsome? This much he decided, that an old woman could not have moved with such agility, nor would an ugly one have been so shy of exhibiting her face, for ugly people never have any adequate notion of their own defects. While he thus meditated and seemed rooted to the spot, a window gently opened, and then a voice was heard humming an air; yes, *humming*, for the night was so still that even the buzzing of a fly might have been remarked. At length, the voice swelled into full melody, and he could distinguish the popular words, "*Mon cœur soupire*," &c. &c.

By this time the fallen man had disappeared, and the street seemed completely deserted. John remained lost in his contemplations, and always staring in the same direction, until a corporal of the night-guard came gently up and tapped him rather ungentle on the shoulder with the demand,—

"Que faites-vous là?"

John started, and on looking round, perceived not only the corporal but others of the watch, who, as he imagined, assumed menacing attitudes. Being wholly unacquainted with the costume and manners of the French police, he immediately felt convinced that his two drunken fugitives had mustered courage, after their fashion, and returned with a reinforcement ready to assassinate him. Consequently, to the no little astonishment of the corporal, he began to deal about his blows right and left, all the while roaring for the watch to protect him. Being with some difficulty made to comprehend the real state of the matter, he desired to be left in the undisturbed enjoyment of his former contemplative attitude. This, however, being exceedingly objectionable in the opinion of the police officer, John, after a long dispute, found himself under the necessity of passing a night in the watch-house, where at last his time was beguiled by a sound sleep.

"Knight-errants must of course exhibit indomitable perseverance.—The first use which *milor* made of his liberty next morning was to wend his way back to the scene of his last night's adventure. The wicket was now open. He went in and found the *concierge*, or house-porter, whom he commenced addressing as diplomatically and civilly as his broken French would permit.

"Monsieur le Suisse!" he began, taking it for granted that every Parisian porter must be of Helvetian descent.

Now it so happened that the *concierger* was a decided *original*—a *ci-devant* brave soldier of the French empire, with a wooden leg, who cordially detested the English, and had sworn never to lose an opportunity of manifesting in one way or another, his vivid recollection of the field of Waterloo, and how *le grand Napoleon* had been treated at St. Helena! From the first moment when John Trotter came within his sphere of vision, *Monsieur le concierge* had made up his mind that, if possible, some trick should be performed against the purse, person, or peace of mind of our unsuspecting countryman. Accordingly, the following dialogue took place between them:—

"Monsieur le Suisse!" repeated John, leaning over the half door of the porter's lodge, who was seated beside his stove.

"I am not Swiss," answered the wooden leg; "it happens that I am a Frenchman, and I glory in the name."

"I don't hinder you from being French," stammered John; "they are *des braves gens*; but hark ye—"

"Besides, it does not appear to me that I have in any degree the air or cut of a Swiss," resumed the old soldier.

"Oh! not in the least. I now perceive that you have not," replied John; "but I had intended to say—"

"Is it, perhaps, that I have a provincial accent, or that I have ever been known to eat *sourcroule*?"

"*Sourcroule*! I do not understand that word," says John; "but when I called you Swiss, I wished only to explain—that is, to put one question—"

"Now, monsieur, to the point. What would you have? Who is it that you want to see in this house?"

"I would have told you that long ago if you had allowed me to speak. I came here *pour savoir*—to know—to make acquaintance—"

In uttering these words, John drew from his waistcoat-pocket a piece of gold, which he placed on the porter's stove, rightly concluding that this *officiant* would not carry his dislike to the English so far as to refuse accepting their guineas. Indeed, the old soldier thought it was decidedly better to take money from an enemy than from a friend.

"Last night," said our hero, "I happened to protect a lady from two drunken rascals who were insulting her. I knocked one of them down, and at last both ran away. The lady rapped violently at your wicket and paid me some fine compliments, but before I could return any answer, she had entered and the door was closed in my face. Now, in the first place, I wish the lady's name—"

"Ah, yes! It was last night very late; indeed, it was morning when she came home. Yes, yes! I see what you are after! I know who it is."

And with these words the *concierger* grinned with delight, rubbing his wooden leg, which was a favorite trick of his when any thing occurred that particularly interested him. John perceived the grin, but, unluckily, quite misunderstood its exciting cause.

"The lady is young and handsome. Is she not?"

"Young? Ah *qu'oui*! young enough, I presume—that is, for some people. As for beauty, I have been told that she is *superb* in her way."

"*Beauty*!" repeated John, catching at the word: "by Jove, I thought so! There could be no reason to doubt about it. *Superb*, did you say?" (The *concierger* nodded significantly.) "My good friend, will you tell me, how does this young lady pass her time? Has she a father or mother here? Are there any brothers or sisters?"

"I will tell you, she lives alone and receives no visitors. It is true, by the by, that nobody thinks of coming to see her. As for pastime, her principal occupation through the day is to sing. Apparently, she is very partial to music."

"Ah, ah!—a musician! So much the better. *Moi aussi, j'aime la musique a la folie*! No doubt she has an instrument at her apartments?"

"I have never seen one. No—stop! She has a kind of little guitar with three strings, and pinches them very prettily."

"A guitar with three strings!" observed John; "that must be but a very poor accompaniment. *Mais revenons*! And on what floor does this young lady reside?"

"Her windows are on the third; the two last on your left going out, and next to the furnished hotel on the same side."

"*Comment*! Are there, indeed, furnished lodgings to be had next door?"

"To be sure."

"Are they comfortable?"

"What do you say?"

"I asked if the furnished lodgings are a—an—what you call *commode*—*convenable*, that is to say, comfortable?"

"Ah, *qu'oui*; *je comprends*. But if you were to speak French it would be far better."

Hereupon, that he might speak more intelligibly, John laid down on the stove a second piece of gold, which the *concierger* pocketed with the utmost nonchalance.

"*C'est egal*," resumed John; "never mind the comfort. But all this while, my worthy friend, you have not told me the lady's name?"

"The name of the lady on the third floor?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"Her who sings all day long?"

"You know very well that I speak of her."

"*Mon Dieu*! how hasty some people are! But, in the first place, I have not told you that she is a *miladi*." (English woman.)

"Never mind. I beg it of you to tell me her name."

"*Sapperment*! But, perhaps, that might be an indiscretion on my part."

Here John had recourse again to his waistcoat-pocket, and administered a third sovereign.

"She is called Madame Chika," said the *concierger*, briskly.

"Madame what? Chique—Chiquette?"

"I did not say *Chiquette*, I told you *Chika*."

"Ah, very well, my good friend. That'll do; I am quite satisfied. *Bien oblige; au revoir*!"

So John departed from the lodge, the old soldier muttering between his teeth,—

"*Va, mon gros Goddem! Je t'en ai donne pour ton argent!*"

But our hero did not walk far. His next step was to enter the house adjoining, where he soon found himself in the presence of a stout French landlady.

"Madame," said he, "I wish particularly to lodge at your house."

"That is exceedingly easy, *milord*," quoth she.

"And I wish to be quartered on the third floor."

"The apartments are much better on the first, *milord*."

"I have told you that I must lodge on the third; but I shall pay the same rent as if I occupied the first."

"Ah, that is different; *milord* is liberal."

"And I must lodge in front; I must have the rooms exactly adjoining the large house on your right."

"The apartments on the third to the right? But they are taken, *milord*, and now occupied by a Spaniard."

"You may send the Spaniard any where you like, but I must absolutely have those rooms."

"But, *milord*, notwithstanding—"

"Never mind; I shall pay whatever you choose to ask."

"*Bien—bien, milord*! It shall be arranged. I will find out a pretext for the Spaniard."

"Yes—yes! Away with him; lodge him any where under a pretext. And, remember, I shall take possession this evening."

"All shall be ready to receive you, *milord*."

Hereupon, as we are informed, John Trotter retired quite overjoyed at his good fortune. And further, we are instructed that, a few hours afterwards, he did establish himself at the promised apartments, the most remarkable part of his luggage being an enormous kettle-drum! This extraordinary object, of course, excited no little admiration on the part both of the landlady and her other lodgers. However, as they all said, a kettle drum is, no doubt, a musical instrument quite as well as a guitar, flute, or violin; and if the rich *Anglais* is partial to it, no matter. "And," added the landlady, "he pays for all without disputing; and if the drum proves too noisy he must pay for his pleasures."

John was in ecstasies to find that his windows were on an exact level with those of the beautiful Madame Chika, and to ascertain that the wall was not over thick which divided her apartments from his own. Still more was he delighted in the discovery of a large press, almost like a closet, whereby the thickness of the said wall was, of course, materially diminished. Sounds would and did penetrate. Through the first day, however, it happened that Madame Chika was extremely quiet. John cherished sanguine hopes that possibly she might look out of the window, and kept lolling out for hours together at his own in expectation of a *rencontre*, but in vain. Then he walked out, pretending to take great interest in the placards that were exhibited in a shop opposite, but ever and anon turning his head in hopes that her figure at least might be visible through the windows, but also in vain. Thereafter he ran back, got into the press, and placed his ear close to the boards, impatiently waiting for a sound.

Towards the end of the second day, and not till then, John's expectations were realised: Madame Chika began to sing. She struck up *Petit Blanc* in a powerful tone, and accompanied herself on the guitar.

Instantly John's kettle-drum was put into requisition, and to do him justice, though his mode of performing on it was quite of a novel kind, such as had never been exemplified in any orchestra, yet he had discretion enough to avoid drowning the voice of the *chanteuse*. He tried as well as he could to follow the inflections of the air, and did not stop till Madame had ceased to sing, when, for the first time, he allowed himself the pleasure to prove the full powers of his instrument, and with five or six tremendous blows executed a triumphant and sonorous *finale*.

By this original method of endeavoring to engage his fair neighbor's attention, we are told that John himself was immensely entertained. For eight or ten hours daily he continued on the watch, and no sooner had Madame commenced singing than John, of course, began beating his drum. So matters proceeded for some time, till becoming anxious to learn whether his performance was duly appreciated, our hero paid another visit to his worthy acquaintance the old *concierger*.

"My good friend," said he, approaching the wooden leg, who grinned most portentously, "I am no longer quite a stranger to your beautiful lady *au troisième*. I have succeeded in making her acquaintance, however—"

"O, oh!—what, you have seen her, then?" interrupted the *concierger*, with a surprised look.

"No; it is true we have not met as yet; but every time that she

sings, I beat my drum, and so we hold a little musical conversation through the wall."

"Bah! So then, monsieur, you are the drummer?" said the *concierge*, giving way to a hearty laugh. "Yes—yes! I might have guessed as much. And Madame Chika—rely upon it, she has heard you. She has told me so more than once."

"She told you so, indeed? Oh, capital—splendid—delicious! I knew all along that an acquaintance would soon be made up. Now, my worthy friend, do tell me exactly, what said the young lady?"

"She said, 'If only I could get at the animal who drums in that odious manner beside me, I should like to break his *baguettes* over his nose!'"

At this *annonce milor's* visage became fearfully elongated, but his courage did not entirely fail him.

"So—so," he muttered, "the beautiful young lady has called me *animal*. But *nil desperandum*! She likes not the drum. Perhaps I do not play it well enough. Some other means must be tried. I pray you, my good friend, do not speak to her again about the drummer."

All along, John had been proudly conscious that he had two strings to his bow. In early youth he had actually taken some lessons on the clarionet, and persuaded himself that even now he had sufficient command over the instrument to manage a tolerable accompaniment thereon. Instead of desponding, he therefore went forthwith to buy a first-rate clarionet, which purpose was very easily accomplished. Arrived at home, he began, (without the reed) to practice most industriously, though inaudibly, the notes of Madame Chika's favorite air. This interval of intense application on the part of John of course afforded a time of silence and rest to his neighbours, whereas they were not a little surprised and pleased. But hard study and perseverance will work wonders. Our hero had not forgotten the good instructions derived in his boyhood from the German band-master of an English regiment, and, at length, he found himself duly qualified to perform a horrible caricature of *Petit Blanc*. The reed was replaced, the instrument duly oiled and moistened, and after a series of preliminary noises, to which the screaming of a gander or the *falsetto* of a donkey would be a trifle, the music commenced in right earnest. John had naturally a suspicion that the thickness of the wall was much against him; he therefore seated himself right opposite to the clothes-press, and blew as loudly as he could till he was red in the face. Then, if tired, he ran to the window, still hoping that the mysterious lady might also come to hers and indicate some approval of his exertions. But eight long days passed away without any such result. John had recourse again to his friend the *concierge*.

"Monsieur," said he, gravely, "I think that I may now, without any impropriety, intrust you with my card, and request an interview with Madame Chika. She has sung, and I have accompanied her many times. Our concert was very pretty; and in solos I brought out such notes on the clarionet, as might have been heard to the end of the street."

"What? Oh, ho! So you are the performer on the clarionet?" said the old soldier. "Hear you, indeed? You may well say so. He must be deaf as a post who could not hear those notes!"

"And the fair lady, I hope she has not been deaf?"

"*Pas de tout*. On the contrary she has spoken of you more than once."

"Capital!" says John. "Now let me understand."

"I'll tell you all about it. Says she, 'I hardly know how that poor blind beggar, with his clarionet, gets so close to my apartments, but the noise is dreadful. I might as well keep a whole flock of geese to scream in my room as live so near to his abominable din!'"

This time John looked rather angry.

"*Bien, bien, mon ami*," said he, knitting his brows; "I shall not yet request an interview with the lady. *Bon jour: au revoir!*"

John strode away at a desperate pace. At that moment he felt no disposition to re-enter his apartments; and it was not till after a long walk, when he found himself far beyond the barriers, that he had come to any decision respecting his future plans. Unluckily if neither drum nor clarionet would answer the purpose, he could not flatter himself with hopes of being able to play on any other instrument; and yet to *give in* would have been irreconcilable both to his own feelings and to his character as a knight-errant. Chance more than reflection at length brought him to a decision. Whilst he stood vacillating and wearied, the tones of a tolerably good barrel-organ gave a new and inspiring current to his thoughts. He listened attentively. Yes, there could be no mistake; it was one of Madame Chika's favorite airs, and the effect joined with a boy's voice was admirable. Here, then, was the grand desideratum; the sure and easy method of producing harmony, at which he had so long labored in vain. And yet for the moment the consciousness of his former failures made him shiver.

"It is true," said he, "I have never in all my life played on a barrel-organ, but surely it is quite possible to turn the handle."

With furious haste, and to the no little amazement of the poor Savoyard, who was stationed at a considerable distance, John made up to him.

"I want to purchase thy music," said he, gasping for breath.

"Oh, monsieur likes my songs! Here they are for *six sous*."

"Songs! I do not want songs. I want thy noble music—thine *ogre*."

"*Ogre*! Pardon, monsieur, I do not understand that word."

"Thine *ogre*, I say!" and John rapped on the organ with his cane.

"Oh, *mon Dieu*! but I must not sell that, it is my *gagne-pain*."

"Thou canst easily find another *gain-bread*. I must have this, and

at any price thou chooseth to demand. See, here is the ready money!"

The Savoyard, who, of course, would have sold himself and organ together for less than half the money contained in John's purse, was easily persuaded; and, after the bargain was struck, he kindly agreed for a five-franc piece *extra*, to convey it into town, whither our hero, now triumphant and in great glee, led the way.

The owners of the hotel were somewhat startled at seeing their tenant bring a Savoyard's barrel-organ into his room; however, he had already insured them to his singularities, and they trusted that at all events this new freak would not last long.

On the organ being tried, it was found to succeed *a la merveille*.—Nay, it fitted exactly into the recess of the *armoire*, where the wall was thinnest; and if Madame Chika did not hear and applaud him, it certainly was not from want of industry on his part. From early morning till late at night he was incessantly at work, including among his performances not merely "*Petit Blanc*," and such-like popular airs, but the overture to the "*Caravan*," the overture to "*Young Henry*," and other exquisite morsels, equally novel and interesting.

This time our hero felt convinced that he had succeeded. True, indeed, he did not hear his fair neighbor sing any more; from which the only conclusion he drew was, that she preferred listening to him. In order to make assurance doubly sure, he, however, had recourse once more to the *invalide concierge*, who laughed aloud as soon as he perceived the "*gros goddem*" approaching.

"Well, old fellow," says John, "I think I may congratulate myself on having at last found means to make acquaintance with Madame Chika!"

"*Ma foi!*" says the veteran, rubbing his wooden leg, "I don't know what you may have found, but by and by I shall tell you something."

"I have found out an instrument on which I can play exceedingly well. A guitar with three strings, or even with thirty strings, would be a fool to it. Have you not heard me all day? It is I who play the organ!"

"Oho! you are the Savoyard who grinds music from morning to night!"

"To be sure," answered John; "and Madame Chika, I think, ought to have heard me with some satisfaction."

"With satisfaction! I believe you, indeed," said the wooden leg.—

"You certainly gave her enough of it, and her mind at last was made up. One morning she says to me, '*Concierge*, that wretched man with his organ will be my death; he has become absolutely unendurable;' and, accordingly, four days ago she quitted the house. She would not trust herself any longer in Paris, nor even in France, for fear of being obliged to hear again the organ, the drum, or the clarionet. She went in the first place to Havre, from whence she will sail to the island of Guadeloupe. Probably she has relations in that strange country."

To John Trotter this was almost a knock-down blow. For ten minutes he could not find a word to express the intensity of his emotions. At the end of that time he took the *concierge's* arm with a kind of convulsive earnestness, slipped another sovereign into his hand, and said,—

"You are sure, then, that Madame Chika has gone to Havre?"

"Perfectly sure, for I carried her luggage to the diligence; and in case that any letters should arrive, her address at Havre was to be the Hotel de Paris."

Hereupon John's mind was resolutely wound up. He determined that he would instantly set out for the coast town, with the intention of imploring the beautiful Lady Chika's pardon for having played the organ and clarionet; and, at the same time, *conte qui conte*, he would fling himself at her feet.

Our hero, of course, did not lose a moment. He would have harnessed four-and-twenty horses instead of four to his traveling-carriage, if by that means he could have made better speed. Next morning found him at the Hotel de Paris in Havre, where, in a tone trembling with excitement, he inquired for Lady Chika.

"*Ma foi!*" said the landlord, "if you intend to see her, you have arrived exactly in the nick of time. That lady is on her way to Guadeloupe. She has found a vessel, which leaves our harbor this very day.—She is already on board, but the vessel is not yet beyond reach, and if *milor* really wishes"—

Milor instantly made his way down to the harbor and inquired after the vessel that was just then departing for Guadeloupe. Fortunately (at least in his estimation) he met with the French merchant who had freighted the vessel, and desired to be taken on board immediately.

"Are you then a passenger for Guadeloupe?"

"No, I wish only to pay a visit: I have a friend on board."

"But the ship is under way with a fair wind, and must not be detained for idle visits. Indeed I do not know that it would now be in my power to stop"—

"*C'est egal!*" says John, eagerly; "I shall go even to Guadeloupe or the world's end rather than lose my beautiful Madam Chika! What is the passage-money?"

"Aha! the passage-money? It depends on circumstances. For example, if you wish to mess with the captain"—

"D—n all your calculations! tell me at once the highest price that you demand for a passage to Guadeloupe, and I will pay it you in bank notes!"

The bargain was struck, the money paid, and John, half an hour afterwards found himself on board *l'Esperance*, bound for the West Indies. There he immediately demanded Madame Chika! The sailors

and captain could not look at him without laughing; however, they pointed out a berth in which he perceived a lady reclining, well dressed and of good figure; but with her countenance turned away, as if unwilling to see or to be seen. John was enthusiastic, and assumed a theatrical attitude.

"Madame," said he, "I have come to acknowledge my indiscretion, and on my knees to supplicate forgiveness. I knew not that you disliked the drum, the clarinet, and the organ! My efforts on those instruments were only to attract your attention, in order that I might have an opportunity of assuring you how ardently I admire, how sincerely I respect and love!"

He spoke with immense fervor, and Madame Chika turned about.

John uttered an indescribable sound between the *too whoo* of an owl and the grunt of a boar, then stood as if petrified. Madame Chika was an old and ugly NEGRESS!

By the time that our hero had recovered from his stupefaction, the vessel, borne by a favorable breeze, had lost sight of harbor. No boats were within view, and all sails were set. He was under the necessity of proceeding to Guadaloupe. John declared that this should be his last adventure *a la* knight-errant, and since then he has never thought more about marriage.

TWENTY-THREE MINUTES PAST TWO!

(FOUNDED ON A FACT.)

By JOHN POOLE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY."

Not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme.—SHAKESPEARE.

"Very well, Mr. Dewdney," said my wife. And she quitted the room.

Now, had there been nothing more than the "very well," her willing acquiescence in what had preceded might have been inferred from it.—But it was the "Mr. Dewdney!" And it may safely be taken as a rule, that when a woman Mr. Dewdney's her husband, or a man Mrs. Dewdney's his wife, there is some dissatisfaction in the case—so, at least, was it in the present. And all about what? Why, about so dull a companion—no: an *un-companion*, as Brumby.

We had been married nearly two years, and this disagreement, slight as it was, was the first that had ever occurred between us. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? My dear Clara's temper is the sweetest in the world; as for mine—but ask Clara. She had left me alone in the parlour (where we had just finished breakfast), brooding over this our first quarrel—away with the hateful word!—misunderstanding? even that is too strong a term. She had left me, then, brooding over our little tiff—ay, that's it; I had borne it for nearly two minutes—I was in agonies—I could endure it no longer. I rang the bell.

"John," said I, "go to the drawing-room!"

I heard her pacing the room above; and the state of her mind, poor dear! was painfully indicated by her hasty and irregular step.

"John," said I, "go to the drawing-room and tell your mistress I wish to see her."

She came, her smiles shining through her tears—she knew that 'twas for reconciliation I had summoned her. We rushed into each other's arms.

"Clara!" cried I.

"Clarkson!" exclaimed she—Charles Clarkson Dewdney is your humble servant, when styled at full length; but she always calls me Clarkson.

"Never, never again," said I, "let such a scene occur between us, dearest."

"Oh, never, love," said she.

Such a couple! Adam and Eve before they partook of that unlucky dessert, perhaps—but since then nothing like us!

"Then you won't ask that Mr. Brumby to dine here to-day," said my wife.

Observe the significant *that*. Never is that pronoun so applied, whether to man, dog, woman, cat, or child, but it is intended to convey the idea of dislike. See—

"Send the dog out of the room."

There is nothing in that which any dog—excepting some very thin-skinned dog indeed—could take as an offensive personality: the dog is momentarily in the way—that's all.

But—"Send that dog out of the room."

Here the dog is unequivocally marked as an object of personal dislike—it is pointedly insulted—and no dog of becoming spirit but would quit, not the room only, but the house; nor ever return to it though it should see the whole town placarded with a guinea reward for its recovery.

By "that Mr. Brumby," then, it is clear that my wife has no extraordinary regard for Mr. Brumby.

"Then you won't ask that Mr. Brumby to dine here to-day?"

(I had previously said I would ask Mr. Brumby to dinner; and that it was which provoked the horrid "Very well, Mr. Dewdney.")

"I won't," now replied I.

"Very well," said my wife; and instead of quitting the room, she patted my cheek. Adam and Eve, indeed—!

"If you must ask him to dine with you," continued she, "take him to the Pangrowleon—he is so *very* disagreeable."

"I will, my dear Clara," said I.

Not the least of the advantages of belonging to a club is, that if you happen to have an acquaintance who is any degree disagreeable or disreputable, and whom, therefore, you would be unwilling to invite to your own house, you can take him to your club. No great harm can come of that.

"And, now, my love," said I, "tell me why it is you so much dislike Brumby?"

"The reason is," replied she, "he is such a bore!"

I never give up any one hastily, so I made as stout a fight for him as it was possible to make.

"Granted," said I; he is a bore—an intolerable, an insufferable bore; but then, you must acknowledge that he—he—in short, my love, he is a very good man."

"No doubt he is," said she; "he may possess every virtue under the sun: all that may qualify him for going to Heaven; but he is not qualified for pleasant society on earth."

"You must allow," said I, (for I was resolved not to give him up), "you must allow that he talks a great deal."

"Call you that *talking*!" exclaimed she. "He's a dull, drowsy proser: his talk is like the buzzing of a bee in a bottle. And then, he has but one subject to talk about—prints, prints, prints, eternally prints! his collection of prints! his Marc Antonio! his Albert Durer! his Bartolozzi! Paganini would play divinely upon one string for a quarter of an hour at a time; but then he could play upon the other three quite as well. Now your Mr. Brumby has but one string to his fiddle, and even upon that he's a very bad fiddler. Then, not only can he talk of nothing else, but he will not allow any other person a choice of subject—he cuts through them—rudely and impatiently interrupts them with a something or other about his eternal engravings. A little of that subject would be very well in its way; but to run it to death as he does—! Oh, the tiresome man! The best conversers—and he has met some good ones at our table—are killed dead by him. One is anxious to listen to them, but, no;—no chance for conversation where Mr. Brumby is."

"But, my love," said I (still resolved not to give him up), "he does not always interrupt it. On the contrary—he will often, when another person is in possession of the attention of the table, politely pretend to fall asleep."

"It was upon such an occasion," said my wife, laughing, "that poor Hook stopped short in the midst of one of his liveliest sallies, and cried—'Pray, silence, ladies and gentlemen, for a snore from Mr. Brumby.'"

"But really, my dear Clara, you must allow," said I, (*determined not to give him up*) "you must allow that he is a perfect master of that, the only subject he ever opens his lips upon—that he is a connoisseur of the first rank—of taste refined, of judgment unerring."

"Now, Clarkson," said she, "is that really your opinion? Come; speak honestly."

"Why," said I (more and more determined not to give him up), "my opinion upon the subject of engravings is of slight value, for I don't pretend to understand much about them; but Dom. Colnaghi, whose opinion is unquestionably first-rate, assures me that he is little better than an ignoramus; that he knows little or nothing of the matter; that he has merely got by rote the terms of the art and a string of names of the most eminent artists, from Marc Antonio to Charles Heath, which are perpetually in his mouth; and that if he should escape purchasing, on his own judgment, an H.B. for an Albert Durer, he would be a lucky fellow. However, my love, I must in justice to him, say that this is not my opinion of him—it is only Don Colnaghi's."

Having thus gallantly defended my friend, I sat down and wrote him the following note:

"Mornington Crescent,
"Wednesday, 8th June.

"Dear Brumby,

"Mrs. Dewdney, I am sorry to say, is not very well; so, instead of coming here, pray meet me at the Pangrowleon at seven. It is an open day there for visitors.

"Yours, faithfully,
"C. C. DEWDNEY."

"And what time, dearest, do you think you shall get rid of your lively guest?" inquired my wife.

"Oh, at about nine or half-after," replied I; "but I will not remain out later than I can help it, love."

"It was not for that I made the inquiry, dear," said she; "but I—I—you—"

I did not particularly remark it at the time; but it afterwards struck me forcibly, very forcibly, that she hesitated.

"Well, Clara; but *what*?" inquired I.

"Why, Clarkson, you are engaged with my brother Richard, at Ham-mer-smith to-morrow, to go up the river for a day's fishing. Now, instead of getting up at five in the morning (as you talked of doing) which will be so uncomfortable, so *very* uncomfortable for you, do get into an omnibus or cab and go down to-night. Richard, you know, will give you a bed."

"But, sweetest," said I—

"Now, dearest," said she, "you shall—you must—I implore—I entreat. You will *oblige me* by going. I can't bear the thought of your hurrying out at such a barbarous hour as five. I shall be miserable if you refuse me."

Sweet, considerate soul! Could I refuse her anything! and a request too, whose object was my own convenience, my own comfort. Yet she pressed the request with an earnestness that—

No, I call every star, every planet, nay, the chaste moon herself, to witness that I am not jealous. Had my Clara ever given me cause for jealousy? Never—not the slightest. I knew that little Timberman of the Grenadier Guards, had, within the last few days returned to England—What then? I had twice seen him as he rode past our house look up at the windows—What then? My wife knew not of his return: and had she known it—What then? 'Tis a long four years since he paid his addresses to her—she liked him a little—Yet what of that? Did she not reject him—and for me! Besides, he is married. No; I am not jealous: yet was there an earnestness in her entreaty that I would not return home that night—! Shame upon me for the unworthy thought! I promised to go that night to Hammersmith.

In due time (John having placed my night-bag in a cab) I drove down to the club to receive my friend Brumby—first taking an affectionate leave with my dear little wife. Our leave-takings, though but for a single night, were always of a nature to—But these scenes must not be dwelt upon.

It so happened that Brumby and I were the only persons in the visitor's room—we had it entirely to ourselves. What an opportunity for an easy, unconstrained confabulation! And what a variety of pleasant topics were open to us!—Parliament and the income-tax; the Opera at the most brilliant period of its season, and all the singers quite well enough not to sing; morning concerts, Thalberg, and the projected Society for the Prevention of cruelty to Pianofortes; our English theatre-royal, and the crowds that nightly rush—to the French play; the Royal Academy exhibition, and Mr. Hume's patriotic suggestion that the R.A.s should be compelled to throw open the doors *gratis*, and pay all the expenses of the establishment out of the "tottle of the whole;" copyright, and the rights of every body in it except the author—together with "crownor's quest-law" upon the subject; the—In a word, topics were endless.

But Brumby had just purchased a Rembrandt etching, and—Oh, my stars!

Here, be it observed, that my wife truly characterized the *talk* of Brumby when she compared it to the drowsy, monotonous buzzing of a bee in a bottle. A word is occasionally detected: the rest is one unmitigated brum-brum-brum.

"Brum-brum-brum early impression brum-brum fine preservation brum-brum—"

"Brumby, you'll find that asparagus soup very good; put down your print, and take it while it's hot."

"Now Brumby, do put aside that print, or neither those flounders nor the stewed eels will be worth eating."

"Brum-brum my Marc Antonio brum-brum undoubted specimen brum-brum—"

"Here's a cutlet and a chicken-salad, and that's your dinner; but pray, Brumby, *pray* have done with that print. Here—try this Moselle."

"Brum-brum-brum Rembrandt brum-brum my collection brum-brum Duke of Buckingham's brum-brum—"

The cloth was removed. And now for a little talk.

"Brumby, fill your glass—A curious circumstance occurred at the opera last night: at the very moment that—"

"Brum-brum left leg a *leette* out of drawing brum-brum—"

"Now, for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow! Well; at the very moment—"

"Brum-brum wonderful depth brum-brum expression brum-brum free burin brum-brum—"

"It was an interesting little episode, I assure you. At the very moment that her Majesty—Brumby!—Brumby!—open your eyes; don't go to sleep. Come, fair play; you had the talk all your own way at dinner; let us now divide it, and change the subject, for, upon my life, I can't stand much more of your Rembrandt etching."

"Brum-brum my Albert Drurer brum-brum this etching brum-brum, powerful effect brum-brum perspective brum-brum Rembrandt brum-brum sharp touches brum-brum-brum-brum—"

I awoke. How long he had been brum-brum-brumming, I know not, for he was gone. I was alone in the room. I looked at my watch. *Twenty-three minutes past two!*

Magnetism? Mesmerism? For a provocative of sleep try a *tete-a-tete* with a Brumby.

Twenty-three minutes past two! I rushed out of the house; a cab was passing at the moment; I jumped into it. It was too late to think of going to Hammersmith, so I ordered the driver to take me home.—By the time I should arrive there it would be three o'clock! I must disturb the servants, but there was no help for it. As for poor, dear Clara, who has been in bed these three hours, who sleeps lightly and is disturbed by the slightest noise—! But John sleeps in the small room near the kitchen, so I will ring the kitchen bell. The brum-brum-brum was still in my ears, and I fell asleep; nor did I awake till the driver stopped on this side of the turnpike, as I had desired him to do. My house was hardly twenty paces beyond it, and the toll saved would pay for a couple of letters. Cheap postage has taught us the use and value of our odd pence.

* "Bring your guitar," is the title of a modern ballad. Is it thus parodied in the invitation sent to foreign singers—Bring your *catarrh*? Certain it is they seldom come without one.

I walked towards my own door, when—oh horror! My hair stood on end—my throat became parched—my knees bent beneath me—perspiration fell in large drops from my brow! *Now* was the hesitation explained; *now* was the anxiety to be rid of me for the night accounted for!

The canvass blind of the large, single, parlor-window was drawn down, and the lamp burning on the table (at that hour of the morning!) was so placed as to throw upon it, with awful distinctness, the shadows of two persons: one was—yes, it was that cockatrice, my wife; the other was a man, ay, a *little* man—it was no other, it could be no other—for twice had I seen him look up at the windows as he passed—than little Timberman, of the Grenadier Guards! There they sat, one on each side of the table. I could see their every movement in the same manner as the action of the figures is shown in the *Ombres Chinoises*. I could hear their laugh, too—yes, they were laughing—oh, torture! laughing, no doubt, at me! How admirably well she had contrived it! "You *must* go to Hammersmith to-night—you shall—I implore—I entreat—you will *oblige* me by going." And all this was repeated to him!—d—d nation!—it was at this, perhaps, they were at that very moment laughing! I saw him raise a goblet to his lips—my wife pushed a bottle towards him—(regaling him with my choice whiskey, perhaps,)—he shook his head in sign of refusal (prudent, at least, at that time of the morning)—he rose—she rose—they approached each other—he—yes, by my wrongs! he kissed her! He put on his hat—she resumed her seat and took up a book—yes—the artful and evidently hardened creature took up a book. He quitted the room—and now I *have* the villain.

No sooner had he opened the street door than I rushed upon him, and seizing him by the throat, dragged him into the parlor. My wife started from her seat.

Half choked as well blinded by rage, I cried,

"So, madam, was it for this you?"

"Oh, Clarkson, dear Clarkson!" cried she, "what is the matter with you? But I see how it is: he has been dining at the Pangrowleoon with that Mr. Brumby, and is tipsy."

Here, of course, she burst into tears! But the absurdity of the notion of getting tipsy in such company as Brumby's! However, I was in any thing but a laughing mood.

"Madam," cried I, "I desire you will quit my house: instantly quit my house, and go to your father's. As for you, Captain Timberman—"

These words I uttered in a tone which must have sounded in his ears like the whizzing of a brace of bullets. At the same time I shook him violently.

"He is tipsy," continued my wife. "Oh, Frederick, dear Frederick!"

I was not aware that his name was Fredertek; but to "dear" him to my very face! I had well nigh strangled him.

"Frederick," she continued, "I thought (as I said in my note to request you would come to me this evening) I thought that he would have been at Hammersmith by this time; but—"

"Oh, infamy!" exclaimed I, "by your invitation, was it! But quit my house, vile woman—instantly quit my house, and never more let me behold you. And now, Captain Timberman—"

"Oh, Frederick," said my wife, "I'll ring for John, who shall assist you to carry him up to bed."

"Desist, base woman," said I, as she took hold of the bell-rope; "desist! the servants shall not be disturbed at this late hour, nor shall they be admitted to witness your vile conduct."

"Oh, gracious powers!" cried she, "he is *mad*! Late, dearest! Why, it is not yet eleven. For Heaven's sake, Clarkson, release your brother-in-law, release him, I implore you."

These words restored me to my senses. I looked the *villain* full in the face, and calmly—it was, *indeed*, my own true, dear, ever dear, Clara's brother, Freddy!

The clock on the mantelpiece pointed at seven minutes to eleven! I looked at my watch—it was unwound—I had omitted to wind it up on the preceding night—it was still standing at TWENTY-THREE MINUTES PAST TWO!

From the New Monthly.

THE CHEMIST'S FIRST MURDER.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"I know not how to begin the story," said the chemist, sighing heavily, while a slight spasm passed over his sorrowful face; but when I used to poison people—"

"I can't accept that for a beginning," said I, interrupting him, "your conscience is over-nice, too sensitive and suspicious by half. Begin, in plain, honest English, 'When I was a chemist—'"

"It means the same thing," he answered. "The people in Albania you know, always commence their stories with 'When I was a thief.'"

"So might some of us in England, who belong to what Sydney Smith calls the undetected classes of society; but you never heard a lawyer, when settled in his easy chair, opening a narrative of the past with 'When I used to ruin half the parish,' nor do retired members of parliament, referring to past periods of legislation, preface their anecdotes of patriotism with 'When I practiced bribery through thick and thin.'"

"You speak," returned the chemist, sadly, "of people wiser than I am; people who can very well bear their own reproaches, so long as

they can contrive to escape the world's. But enough of this. When I was a pois—Well, then, when I was a chemist—

"That's it—now go on."

"At that time London had the Byron fever. But London contains many Londons, and they all had it with greater or less virulence. Thinking and thoughtless London—those who read much, and those who never read anything—the large-souled, the little-souled, and the no-souled—every one took the infection. It became quite the fashion, all of a sudden to feel. Iron nerves relaxed, hearts of stone broke to pieces inwardly. There might be some who did not know what to think—yet these could of course talk; and there might be a few who, from long-established habits, found it quite impossible to get fast hold of a feeling—still they could shed tears.

Society became a sponge, soaking up those briny showers of the muse, which only descended faster and faster, "and the big rain came dancing to the earth." Young men wept until their shirt collars fell down starchless and saturated; young ladies sitting on sofas, were floated out of the drawing-room window into the centre of Grosvenor-square; and I verily believe that if those cantos (but they were not yet in existence) which found some little difficulty in making their way into families, could have got into a needle's eye, they would have extracted a tear from it.

For the ladies, however, I do not answer positively—I can only vouch for the condition of my youthful brethren. You might have seen them with the new volume—bought—bought, mind—not borrowed; with the volume itself, not an American broadsheet that had pirated its precious contents; with a wet copy of the first edition, not a smuggled, sneaking, cheating, French version; with this volume of world-enchanting wonders tenderly grasped, you might have seen them hurrying along the street, stopping every now and then, and just opening it so as to peep at the mighty line within—then hastening on a little way, repeating the half-dozen "words that breathe" just read until they were breathless—then, burning with curiosity for the passionate revelation, they would glide down a gateway, or shelter themselves at a shop-door, to dive a little further into the sea of thought, bringing up a pearl at every dip.

The sensation with which these young people first read—

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?

constituted an epoch in their lives. It did in mine. That third canto was my first rock a-head. I never knew one bottle from another afterwards. All drugs became alike—merged into a drug. I hated Apollo in his connexion with physic, but I worshipped him in his poetical divinity. I did not aspire to write verse—my appreciation of it was too enthusiastic, exalted, and intense;—to read it, to understand it, to recite it silently, accompanying myself on the pestle and mortar, was sufficient ecstasy.

By degrees rather rapid, the pestle and mortar accompaniment was omitted. I abjured all practical superintendence of the affairs of "the shop." I regarded with a scorn that bordered on disgust the people who visited it, with prescriptions testifying to their miserable and innately vulgar concern for the welfare of their bodies—I longed to read them a favorite passage or two, prescriptive of mental medicine. A sudden burst—

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,

startled the matter-of-fact applicant for an ounce of that strengthening medicine; and an involuntary application of the ever-recurring line,

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?

would elicit from the simple girl who came for hartshorn, the explanation that in general it was, "only mother's is swelled."

Disgust naturally came in time, and with it, as a matter of course, total inattention to "business." Add to this the fact, that I was possessed, in the person of an apprentice, of one of those things called "treasures"—in short, a precocious genius—and it will readily be understood that a few mistakes in the mixing of medicines would occur every now and then.

"Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared," inscribed in gold letters upon purple glass, neatly framed, figured in the window; and no doubt care was taken to prepare as many as might be presented; but the lad had unhappily an experimental turn, and he was always for throwing perfumes on Dr. Somebody's violets.

When he had no particular ground for guessing how an improvement might be effected, he would hazard an alteration for the sake of change, just to keep his hand in; and the bottle to the extreme right, or the drawer to the extreme left, or the jar next to him, had an equal chance in these cases of being resorted to. The effect was sometimes to heighten, to an alarming degree, some peculiar influence delicately infused by the learned prescriber, and sometimes to neutralize altogether the essential principle of the prescription.

"Men have died from time to time," says the poet, "and worms have eaten them—but not for love." Can this be said of physic?

At that time, however, I heard of no disaster. Men died doubtless, and worms dined. This was perfectly natural. At the worst, if any mysterious case obtruded itself, and the death of a patient followed immediately upon his taking a new lease of life from the verdict of a physician, there was always the convenient broken heart to fall back upon. Broken hearts were then as plenty as blackberries.

"And some," says Manfred, pleasantly enumerating the various disagreeables whereof people perish—

And some of withered or of broken hearts,
For this last is a malady that slays
More than one numbered in the lists of fate.

We always used to set down any little inadvertance to the inevitable malady, the broken heart. A wrong medicine perhaps produced a very embarrassing and equivocal turn in the disease,—which came after a little while to look like a totally different complaint—and having an odd appearance with it, it was clearly a case of broken heart.

(The chemist groaned heavily, and appeared to labor under an attack of conscience.)

It was all very well while the mischiefs that arose, either from my own deliberate neglect, or the apprentice's speculative genius, were uncertain and obscure—so long as the body of the victim was not laid right against the shop-door. But alas! a case occurred one afternoon—(The speaker stopped at the very threshold of his confession, but after swallowing a glass of water, his faintness vanished.)

I was in the little apology for a parlor behind, reading the fourth canto, when the treasure of an apprentice quitting his place at the counter came to consult me upon something doubtful, either of quantity or ingredient, in a prescription just presented for preparation. I was in the heart of an enchanting, a soul-exchanting stanza. I had got to the line—

Though I be ashes, a far hour shall wreak

The deep prophetic fulness of this verse—

when in he broke with an impertinent, an intolerable inquiry. I answered, in the flush of my excitement, any thing—I named an ingredient or two for the compound off hand, and bid him vanish—resuming the passage, and completing the stanza—

And pile on human heads the mountains of my curse.

All medicines, however mixed, seemed weak to that idea. Prussic acid could not, so it appeared to me, have kept pace with such poetry. Its effect upon my mind as I read was, to make the most dangerous and deadly poisons appear perfectly contemptible, and not worth the care or trouble of weighing them out in mere half-ounces!

But suddenly, after a little time, an idea stole darkly across my mind of drugs compounded, and pills delivered; of an intrusion on the part of the young genius of the shop, an order given by myself in articulate and peremptory words, and medicines consequently mixed up!

But what a medicine was amongst them—and in what a quantity!

Oh, no—the thought was a frightful one to be sure—but it was only momentary! A horrible suspicion, an agonizing fear, an appalling flash—but it was too acute, too withering to last, and it was over. I sought again the fascinating spell of the poem—"And I have loved thee, ocean!"—"Oh! Rome, my country!"—"There was a sound of revelry by night."

How! the spell failing! Passage after passage, that had never failed me before! Yes, it was in vain to attempt to read—in vain to affect the abstracted, the meditative mood. The dark, strong, subtle Thought would thrust itself into my brain, and hold down every idea that struggled to ascend to that "more removed ground."

A sudden dash into the opposite extreme is sometimes effective in these cases; so I got up, walked about, and whistled considerably out of tune. But the horrid Idea took a tighter and more burning hold, and seemed to twist itself round my brain like a red-hot wire, as if it would never loosen again on the cool side of madness! I ceased whistling and walking about, slung myself into a chair, seized the magic volume, and opened it at the irresistible page—

Is thy face like thy mother's—?

Mine, as I glanced up at the little glass opposite, was like a maniac's. The likeness of the dreadful Thought was there—the form of the scowling and distorted Suspicion was over it—and it seemed to have remoulded all my features, and my very eyes could not recognise their own reflection in the mirror.

I dashed down the book—that broken wand of the enchanter—and rushed forward to learn the worst;—which was precisely what I did learn!

(Here the chemist swallowed another glass of water, and applied his handkerchief to his forehead.)

The customer was gone—so was the prescription—so were the pills. I elicited from my treasure of a lad a *verbatim* report of the instructions I had given, the medicine I had named, the quantity ordered—and I stood with the feeling of one impaled, just for a minute longer, to learn distinctly from his lips the deplorable but indubitable fact, that he had scrupulously and religiously observed my diabolical instructions. It was enough. By the force of my sensations which I had hitherto struggled to suppress, I seemed to be literally shot out of the shop; and in thirty seconds was a considerable distance from the house, flying up the crowded thoroughfare insensible of impediments, and yet finding leisure to scrutinize every passer's face, utterly unconscious that I had never beheld the features of the luckless being whom I sought.

Then back again I darted in the opposite direction, seeking the unknown, as if it were my own soul that had slipped from me, and inwardly offering as I went, worlds per minute, for the discovery of the lost man. All this time I was equally unmindful of the circumstance that he had been gone an hour, east, west, north, or south—I knew not—any more than I should have known his visage had I beheld it before me.

Frantic still, but breathless and exhausted I returned. The tale was repeated word for word—various bottles, their labels and contents, were anxiously inspected again and again; as though there were some remote possibility of a latent chance of mistake. There could be none—there

was none. The stranger had most certainly gone away, bearing with him a box of pills, whereof, by a most pitiless direction inscribed upon the lid, he was to take two daily.

"Heaven!" I exclaimed, "be merciful to the Doomed one—he has but eight-and-forty hours to live! Four of those pills would carry destruction, certain as gunshot to the heart of an emperor, or the pulses of a serf. Neither Turk, Jew, infidel, nor heretic could escape."

"That's as sure as death," remarked my young treasure.

And as I turned to look upon the speaker, I thought I saw in his eyes the gloomy light of the condemned cell, and his voice had a hard and grating sound, like the opening of the debtor's door at the Old Bailey.

That night I wandered about the Park, shunning every body, yet peering as far as my fears allowed me, into every face, expecting to see "poison" written there. What happiness past expression to have encountered the stranger—now, now before bedtime! What an unspeakable relief to conscience, to be able to trace him out, to warn him of his peril, and avert his else inevitable fate! But this was hopeless! My thoughts ranged over all the consequences—the speedy death—the searching enquiry—the prompt detection.

I well knew, to be sure, all the time, that the world is amazingly indulgent and charitable on all these occasions—I was aware that the public verdict universally agreed to in these cases of mistake, is that nobody on earth is to blame, and that the individual whose inadvertence proved fatal, is a person well known and greatly esteemed for his peculiar carefulness.

I was conscious that the chemist, so far from being deemed culpable, would most likely obtain, through the medium of the shocking occurrence, a character for caution that he never possessed before.

But this to me afforded no consolation, no hope of a respite from the pangs of remorse, and the sentence of the law. The tramp of horses and the rolling of wheels in the distance, sounded like the rattling of fetters. The night grew dark; the rays of the moon looked no brighter than the grating of a dungeon; and at length as a sable cloud hung over the white vapour round it, there appeared to my affrighted eyes the image of a black cap upon the wig of justice.

Next day, I gathered courage enough to take an eminent physician's opinion as to the effects of such a medicine—two pills at a time until the box was empty!

His judgment was clear and final. The patient could not live to take a tith of them.

I went to another distinguished authority with my suppositious case—he was equally distinct and undoubting. Four of them would have carried off Methuselah in the prime of life!

I returned home—to dinner.—Dinner!—The cloth resembled a large weekly newspaper, with wood engravings, faithfully representing "the culprit as he appeared at the bar on the day of trial." At night I slept, indeed; but a fury of twelve well-fed Londoners were sitting on my stomach, determined not to retire because they were agreed upon their verdict.

Every hour, after the second day, I expected to hear of the inevitable calamity. I pictured the sufferer dying—I pictured him dead. Then I recalled him to life, by that stomach-pump process by which the imagination in its extremity works, and felt that he might possibly survive through the third day.

But at length I *knew* he must be dead—and now for the revelation.—Was he a son—a father? His relations would never permit him to perish so, without an inquiry. Was he married—would his wife be taken up on suspicion of having poisoned him! Was he a resident any where in the neighborhood—and should I myself be summoned upon the inquiry? Every question had its separate sting. Of ten thousand daily speculations, each inflicted its excruciating torture.

But days rolled on—sunrise, noon, sunset, night—all regularly came round—and brought no discovery. Not a "shocking occurrence," not a "horrible event," was to be found in the papers morning or evening.

It appeared, just at that time, as though the wheels of the world were rolling round without running over any body. In the vast crowd of society, not a toe was trodden on. Either the reporters were dead, or "fatal accidents" had gone quite out of fashion. It is true, no stranger, during a whole fortnight, set his foot within the shop without throwing me into an ague-fit. It is true, that throughout the same period, my eye never fell upon man or woman clad in mourning, without turning to a ball of fire in my head, with the consciousness that it beheld one of the bereaved and injured relatives of my innocent victim. Still no sign of detection came; and although my bitter self-reproaches continued, my horror of the halter began considerably to abate. When—

[Here the chemist once more paused, and raising, not a glass, but a tankard of iced water to his lips, his disturbed countenance totally disappeared for a few minutes.]

—One afternoon as I was standing in a more tranquil mood at the father end of the shop, gazing at the chimneys of the opposite house, and inwardly murmuring,

"Is thy face like—"

I proceeded no further with the apostrophe, for at that instant my treasure of an apprentice flew to my side, crushed one of my toes under his thick shoe, and compressed his whole volume of voice into a soul-awakening whisper, as he said,

"This is him."

Him! I immediately looked at the object so ungrammatically indicated.

There stood before me a tall, gaunt, sallow-visaged man of forty-five. His eyes were dull and his jaws were thin. He looked like one who had suffered, whether abroad or at home, much sickness—had exposed an iron frame to severe trials in strong and searching remedies—had borne their effects well, and lived on in hope of cure. There he stood—who was he?

The treasure, in whose eye there was a ray of satisfaction, darted a significant glance at me, which seemed again to say, "This is him," as he bent forward a little, over the counter, to ascertain the customer's wishes.

"Young man," said the stranger—

His lips were quite dry, and his voice very hollow—

"Young man, observe me!"

Here he looked intently into the treasurer's face, and continued with peculiar impressiveness—

"You prepared me some pills lately—I see you have not forgotten—some pills, I say—look, here is the prescription! Ah, you recognise it. Yes, it was you indeed who served me. Pray, mind then, what I say. Let me have *another* box of those pills; *exactly*, mind, *exactly*, like the last; for never did I procure pills any where that did me half so much good!"

"Your story is interesting," said I, encouragingly.

"I am no judge of that," returned the chemist with a sigh; "but it is true."

THE COLLIER'S FAMILY.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

The following extraordinary occurrence is said to have befallen Berthold, a young German merchant, and though hardly accredited in all its details, is worthy of repetition on many accounts. Being engaged in speculations of considerable extent, which compelled him to bear about his person a capital of no small amount, in gold, jewels, and other valuables, he was not a little alarmed on perceiving at the close of day, that he had lost himself amid the intricacies of one of our native mountain forests, and that night was rapidly surrounding him in the middle of a gloomy valley, and in a road to which he was an utter stranger. It was quite evident that he had chanced upon a remote and unfrequented defile; for the forest deer no longer evinced any shyness, and the flight of the owls, as they circled round his person, became so daring and undisturbed, that he frequently gave an involuntary bend of his head and shoulders, as a protection from the flapping and rustling of their wings. At length he perceived a man pacing the footpath a little before him; and whom on inquiry he found to be a collier residing in the forest. Our traveller's request of a lodging for the night, and a promise of safe conduct in the morning, was acceded to and given with so much frankness and alacrity, that every feeling of rising suspicion was subdued, and the parties arrived at the collier's cottage mutually satisfied with their covenant. On their arrival, the collier's wife made her appearance with a light at the door, behind her stood a range of youthful, chubby faces, her children; and the light, as it fell upon the person of the host, exhibited one of those honest, manly countenances, which happily are still to be met with in abundance among the peasantry of our native country.

The whole family, together with their guest, now entered a warm and cheerful sitting room, and ranged themselves around a fire upon the hearth: and our traveller began to feel as little concern for his wealth, as if he had reached his paternal dwelling, and was surrounded by his brothers and sisters. He had merely removed his cloak-bag from his horse; and, having confided his faithful creature to the collier's sons for food and a stall, he threw his valuable package into a corner of the apartment, and, though he retained his sword by his side, and his pistols at his belt, this was more from the habitual caution induced by a traveller's life, than from any chance that such things might be wanted here. The conversation soon became general. The traveller talked of the countries he had seen; the collier spoke of the forest and his occupations; and the rest of the family occasionally joined in with pertinent questions or modest remarks. In the meantime a jug of nut-brown ale was introduced; the toast of welcome and wishes for a better acquaintance was drunk; the cheerful group proceeded from conversation to more social tokens of joy; and the song became substituted for adventure or story. The collier's children were in the midst of a lively glee, when a strange tapping was heard at the door. A knock was given with the finger so very, very gently; yet, notwithstanding the seeming lightness of the pressure, the feeble sound was distinctly heard in the room, and rose above the clear and mirthful voices of the children. The singing was instantly at an end; the whole family assumed a serious and solemn expression of manner; while the collier, in a friendly tone, exclaimed: "Come in, Father! in heaven's name come in!"

The door now opened, and a little decent looking old man crept quietly in. He saluted the family circle with an air of kind good nature, and only stopped to gaze in astonishment at the stranger. In a short time he drew towards the table and placed himself in the lowest seat; which, in fact seemed to have been purposely left for him. Berthold's astonishment was equally great as that expressed by the old man. For this singular personage was dressed in a costume of earlier days; but, though the form bespoke an existence in times gone by, there was nothing of this

kind in the material, since the whole dress exhibited marks of great attention to neatness and decency. In addition to this, his person, as already observed, was remarkably small: at first sight, his countenance might be said to be composed and pleasing, but, on closer observation, it was found to contain evident traces of secret sorrow. The family treated him as an old acquaintance, though with manifest signs of compassion. Berthold would have willingly asked if the old man were a relation,—the collier's father, or perhaps his wife's—and whether his pale and melancholy countenance were the effect of indisposition;—but, as often as he attempted to open his mouth, the old man looked at him with a half startled, half angry expression, and that in so particular a manner, that he always felt his curiosity checked, though greatly increased.

At length, the old man folded his hands, as if inclined for prayer; looked across to the collier's seat, and cried in a hoarse voice:—"Come! if you can, let us have the evening prayer."

The collier instantly began the fine old hymn:

"The forest now is hush'd in rest,"

in which he was joined by his wife and children; the old man united his voice to theirs, and sang with a power and clearness which made the cottage peal again, and must have excited strong surprise in any one, not accustomed to hear him. At first Berthold was unable to join the chorus, from pure agitation and astonishment. This appeared to make the old man both angry and alarmed; he constantly eyed our traveller with strange dissatisfied looks, and the collier also, admonished his guest by earnest and expressive gestures, that he ought to follow the common example. This Berthold was, at length, able to do. Every thing now was correct and devotional, and, after a few more additional prayers and hymns, the old man took his departure with a humble and courteous deportment. He had already closed the door, and was about to let the latch fall, when he suddenly dashed it open, cast a wild and terrific look on Berthold, and as speedily slammed it together.

"Humph!" said the collier, with some surprise, as he now turned to apologise to his guest for his conduct, "this is not his usual behavior."

Berthold rejoined, by supposing the old gentleman to be a little disordered in his mind.

"Why, that," said the collier, "it is impossible to deny; but still, he is perfectly harmless and never does any one an injury. At least, we have never had the slightest proof of such misconduct for a very long time. I should, however, tell you, that the only room in which I can accommodate you, has no proper fastening to it; and it often happens, that the old man finds his way in there. But you need not disturb yourself—and do not interfere with him—he will soon retreat of his own accord. Besides, I fancy you are too fatigued to be roused by any of his proceedings; and, as you must have already observed, he moves with extreme gentleness and silence. Berthold assented to all the collier advanced with a smiling countenance, but he felt widely different at heart to the sensations previously existing in his bosom, though without being able to account exactly for the change; and, as the collier led the way up the narrow stair-case, which conducted him to his chamber, he irresistibly felt disposed to grasp his cloak-bag with a firmer hold, and keep a constant eye upon his sword and pistols.

The collier having suspended the lamp in a place of safety, and commended his guest to the protection of heaven for the night, speedily withdrew. But Berthold left alone in his narrow chamber, pervious to the wind in every direction, seemed to feel as if the pious benediction would, somehow or other, fail of its effect. It was a long time since he had felt so disturbed and troubled in his mind. He immediately retired to bed, seemingly exhausted with the fatigues of the day, but sleep was not to be thought of. He now conceived his cloak-bag too remote from him; now his arms excited the same apprehensions, and now again, both were hardly sufficiently near. Under such excitements he frequently rose, and if for an instant sleep visited his eyes, he started back again at every breeze of wind, with interchanging fears and hopes of great misfortune, or equally unexpected and surprising good luck. All his commercial plans and speculations became unravelled into one interminable web of confusion, from which it was impossible to extricate himself, or to separate one single and individual thought from the mazes into which his drowsiness had woven it. In addition to this, he felt an overwhelming and all-engrossing thirst for gain, excited by the difficulties around him; and it was a considerable time before these perplexities rocked him into a sleep, which perhaps, with more propriety, might be called a swoon.

It might be about midnight, or a little after, when Berthold thought he heard a gentle movement and rustling in his chamber. But fatigue had so completely mastered him, that he lay motionless in his bed; and, if at times he raised his unwilling eye-lids, and seemed to perceive the little old man passing backwards and forwards near his bed, his drowsy sense only assured him, that the whole was mere fancy; and besides, had not the collier apprized him of all this, previous to his going to bed? At length, however, these interruptions became too frequent; a sudden fright thoroughly roused him from every sleepy feeling; he started up in bed, and beheld the little old man of the preceding evening, snugly throned upon his cloak-bag, and looking towards him with a sort of scornful pity.

"Villain!" exclaimed Berthold, in a tone of mingled rage and fear. "Let go my property." The abruptness of this address appeared to startle the old man. He hastened towards the door seemingly muttering an uneasy prayer, and suddenly disappeared.

Berthold's first object was to examine his cloak-bag and learn whether any thing had been taken from it. He was little disposed to consider the old man a thief, but the diseased and crazy mind of this singular being, might have found amusement in exchanging the contents for rubbish, or in destroying many important papers, with which it was charged. The locks and straps appeared untouched, and even after they were opened, every thing was found in the same condition it was left. Still, however, Berthold's mind was not to be tranquilized: something might have fallen out by the way, something might have suffered by the journey, and under this impression, he examined every separate package, now rejoicing at the extent of his wealth, and now regretting that it was no greater.—In the midst of this occupation, he was suddenly disturbed by a puff of air upon his cheek. At first he conceived it to be merely a current of wind which found its way through an aperture in the window; and he accordingly only folded his mantle more closely round him. The puff was now repeated: it became changed into horror, on perceiving the little old man's face, quite close to his own.

"What do you want here?" exclaimed Berthold; "creep to your bed and warm yourself."

"In bed I only got colder and colder, and I do so like to see such pretty things as you have got. But I know where there are much prettier, aye much, much prettier!"

"What is that you say?" enquired Berthold who now began to fancy that the extraordinary good fortune which had floated before him, while half asleep, was to be realized by the use of this crazy being.

"If you would but come," sighed the old man: "down below there, down through the forest, and beside the moor."

"Why with you," said Berthold, "I suppose I might venture without much risk. The old man now turned towards the door and said:

"Only let me get my mantle. I will be back in an instant, and then we will go together."

Berthold had little time to reflect on his promise, for the old man had scarcely quitted the room, before the latch was raised again, and in stalked a man, immoderately tall and spare, with a large scarlet mantle thrown across his shoulders, a huge sword under one arm and a musket over the other. Berthold instantly laid hand upon his pistols.

"Why aye," said the man in red, "you may as well take those with you; only make all the haste you can, that we may get out into the wood."

"With you?" exclaimed Berthold, "I am not going with you. Where is the little old man?"

"Hey day! do but look at me;" rejoined the other, as he removed the mantle from before his face. Berthold now perceived a close resemblance between this terrific phantom, and the little old man; in fact, so great, that the only difference seemed to consist in the mere expression of feature, for what wore a meek and humble air in the one, was wild and ferocious in the other. Berthold felt assured that both he and his treasure were betrayed; and he, therefore, exclaimed in a firm voice: "On any future occasion when you may choose to despatch your simple brother for the purpose of seducing people into your net; I think it would be quite as well not to disturb the illusion, by making this senseless exhibition of your own person. I therefore tell you, at one word, I am not going with you, and nothing shall make me."

"Indeed?" said the man in red, "you won't go?"

"No!"

"Why then I'll make you:" and with this he stretched out his long bony arm towards our traveller, who, in a paroxysm of fear and tremor, fired his pistol. The house below now became alive and bustling; the collier was distinctly heard ascending the staircase with hasty step, and the man in red with reverted head and towards Berthold, darted out at the door. "In the name of heaven," exclaimed the collier, as he burst into the room, "what have you done to our Brownie?"

"Your Brownie?" stammered Berthold, as he looked at his host with astonishment. For his previous idea of unbounded wealth still floated before his fancy; and finding now that he was evidently not to gain any, he half thought it must be his chance to lose some, and that the whole house had conspired against him.

The collier, however, continued: "He passed me on the stairs, most unusually tall and angry, and wrapped in his red mantle, with his sword and gun."

Perceiving now that Berthold was unable to comprehend what he said, he begged his guest would descend to the room below, where every body had assembled from alarm at the firing, and he would there endeavor to tranquilize both his family and the stranger. Berthold complied with his host's request, taking his cloak-bag under his left arm, his remaining loaded pistol in his right hand, and his other weapons in his belt. His only motive for going below, was the idea of being nearer the house door than in his present confined chamber. As he entered the sitting-room the whole family seemed to regard him with an eye of suspicion, and there was a manifest difference in his present reception, from that given him a few hours before. The collier now addressed his guest in the following terms:

"When I first took this cottage, our Brownie was accustomed to wander about in the same terrific form, in which you have seen him this evening. On this account the house had long been abandoned, and no one was found sufficiently venturesome to live in it, or in fact in the neighboring district of the forest. For the power of these spirits has rather an extensive circle. My predecessor was not only very rich, but very avaricious, and his passion for gold induced him to bury his money in the

country around, and it was his constant practice, during his life, to roam about the spot where his treasure was concealed. On such occasions he usually wrapt himself up in a red mantle, carried a sword and gun on his shoulders, for the purpose of scaring the robbers, as he declared, who might mistake his person for the city executioner. At his death, he was unable to communicate the spot where his money was deposited; it is possible he may have forgotten it, and it was, perhaps, on this account his mind became so distracted, and that he assumed this frightful attire.

"I, however, said to myself: 'a pious heart, and constant exercise in prayer, is a sufficient protection against even Satan himself, much less against a poor crazy goblin; and with this feeling I brought my wife and children to our new habitation. At first, it must be confessed, our friend in the red mantle caused us a good deal of trouble; for when a man is going about on his own concerns, and solely occupied with these and similar thoughts, it is enough to startle even the most courageous, to find some monstrous thing starting up before him, and that too of the goblin tribe. The children suffered exceedingly, and even my wife was frequently overpowered with fright and alarm.'"

"Yes!" sobbed the wife, "and now these terrific times will be renewed. It was but just now that he looked in at the door, with a wild and angry countenance, taller than ever, and wrapt in his frightful red mantle."

"Do as you did before," said the collier, "be constant in prayer and humble devotion; let all your thoughts be pure and pious, and nothing will harm you."

At this instant the latch of the door was raised up and down with a violent and continued motion; the whole assembly pressed closer together, and the children wept aloud. The collier alone advanced with a firm and intrepid step, and cried out: "In the name of the Most High, I charge thee to depart; we are beyond thy power." A noise was now heard without, like the passage of a whirlwind through the house; and the collier, as he resumed his seat, continued in the following manner:—

"At that time we considered it a trial, it may, perhaps, be ordained us as such now. We have only to pray with greater zeal; to keep a more scrupulous watch over our actions. We certainly had managed to make him lay aside his red mantle, to conduct himself with decency, to attend our regular evening prayer, to compose his features into something like complacency, and to reduce his form into a very diminutive size, as if his decreasing limbs would eventually disappear from the earth, and the poor creature betake himself to rest until the awful day of doom. Children! as a quiet, meek and fearful Brownie, he won your affections; it always gave you pain, that in his extreme contrition, he chose to take the lowest seat at our evening prayers. You must now cheerfully labor for his and your own repose, by patience, prayer, and purity of heart. We shall soon bring him to the same condition in which he was last night."

The family now rose, and promised to obey their father's instructions; to maintain the struggle against the spirit of evil with undiminished resolution, in whatever form it might choose to appear.

Berthold's mind, however, was in the most agitated and distracted state. He first conceived himself seized with a fit of delirium, and that all these extraordinary circumstances were the mere fancies of a disordered imagination; he then believed that the whole was a trick devised to make a fool of him; and now thought he had fallen among a band of hypocritical thieves, and that every thing had for its object the possession of his property. Amidst these conflicting ideas he demanded his horse. The collier's eldest son ran to the stable to prepare it, and his father observed: "You had better remain till the day light: at this hour of the morning the forest is dangerous, and even haunted."

Our traveller however, persisted in his determination; and he soon perceived that the whole family were glad at heart with the prospect of being relieved of his company, and that the collier had only pressed his stay from motives of hospitality. His proffer of payment for the evening's repast and lodging, was rejected with so much firmness, and apparent displeasure, that he abstained from pressing the unwelcome tribute. His horse now appeared at the door, his cloak-bag was soon bestowed in its wonted place; Berthold sprang into the saddle, and took leave of his singular host with thanks, but coldly received, and with a conviction that his departure had occasioned more joy than his arrival. With a misgiving mind, and many anxious doubts, he now pursued the course which had been pointed out to him.

He found it quite impossible to believe that the inhabitants of the cottage were right, and that the Brownie was wrong; for, said he, if this creature be not a spirit, it is clear they are a pack of cheats; and if it be the poor thing is doing nothing more than its duty, in revealing the spot of its secret deposit, and committing to some mortal for use and enjoyment, what is now lying unemployed. The trees now appeared to assume an unusual and singular form; the morning breeze as it whistled beside him, seemed to be charged with notes of golden promise; the mist began to shape itself into a lofty arcade about him, and as our traveller rode beneath it the thought shot across his mind: "Nature herself is linked in compact with me, and if this be the case, no illusion can intercept my happy career."

"Luck's all!" he shouted aloud: and had scarcely spoken the words before he perceived the man in red walking beside him, and apparently giving a nod of approbation both to his words and thoughts. At first he felt a little uneasy; but the more he reflected on the reasons for suppressing his alarm, the more the red-mantled stranger seemed to nod in friendly approbation of his conduct, and at length began to address him in the following manner:

"To tell you the truth, comrade, I began to be heartily sick of these collier people. That eternal singing and praying reduced me down to nothing; you saw yourself, what a miserable little shrivelled creature I was become—but as soon as you came, though I was rather fierce at first as if something strange had arrived—yet we soon understood each other, and then I grew—aye, and I can grow too till my head touches yonder starry canopy. Why, if you would but entertain the aspiring thoughts you ought, and fancy yourself standing above there, quite a different sort of a fellow, to other mortals, a fellow endowed by nature with all her riches and gifts, free from trouble and toil, you would then be just what I wish you: and moreover the treasure should be yours.—The collier's people are far too stupid for such things.—Come! shall we dig?"

Berthold nodded assent, and the man in red pointed to a small hillock at a little distance strewed with leaves and cones of the pine-tree. As our traveller was wholly unprovided with implements for digging, he was compelled to turn up the earth with his sword; but his labor was not a little checked by fear as he perceived the man in red join in the work, and wherever he fixed his hand a blue sulphurous vapor rose from the earth.

The vapor continued to rise; the earth groaned, the stones rolled impetuously forward, and at last two urns were discovered, which were no sooner exposed to the morning air than they instantly crumbled into dust. It was quite in vain that Berthold continued his researches—no treasure was to be found. The man in red now evinced considerable uneasiness; he expressed his sorrow by wringing his long bony hands, and at length pointed to a neighboring hillock.

Berthold applied here with the same ardor as before, and with the same result—he found nothing but earthen pots, ashes and rubbish. They proceeded from one hillock to another, still eager in the pursuit, but all exhibited the same contents, the same unprofitable harvest. The spirit now became filled with rage, he dashed his bony fist against the surrounding trees, (which at every blow emitted a stream of sulphurous sparks) and at last accused his companion of having discovered the treasure in the first hillock, and surreptitiously secreted it.

Berthold stood aghast and trembling before the angry phantom, whose person suddenly glowed in one continued flame of red, and rose as his indignation swelled, far above the tops of the adjoining trees. At this instant the cock crowed. With a cry of deep resentment and agonized suffering, the goblin vanished into air, and the morning bell of a neighboring village was distinctly heard, to the great relief and joy of our traveller. Terrified beyond expression at the danger he had escaped, Berthold now sought his equally terrified horse, which at the commencement of his labors he had bound to a tree; and having thrown himself into the saddle, galloped rapidly forwards towards the nearest habitations of men.

Years now rolled on, during which, Berthold engaged in extensive and important commercial pursuits, passed his life in foreign lands, and amidst a round of constant and anxious occupation. But varied as were the objects which necessarily pressed upon his attention, he never forgot his adventure with the man in red, and the evening spent with the collier's family.—It constantly reverted to his imagination, sometimes with feelings of dread and curiosity, sometimes of excited, half satisfied anxiety; and as he was on his return home, and approached the neighborhood, he resolved upon retracing his former route, and having discovered the unfrequented path, arrived at the close of day before the collier's lonely cottage.

This arrival, like that of former years, brought the same healthy, honest faces at the door; the collier's wife appeared with her lamp, carefully guarding it against the current which threatened to extinguish it; and the collier himself, advanced towards our traveller, with friendly expressions of welcome. The stranger was now invited in; his horse was committed to one of the sons; but the recognition of his person seemed to check in all, except his host, the pleasure with which the benighted traveller was ever received by the collier's family.

The room wore much the same aspect as before; the whole party were soon seated round the family table; the jug of ale was brought forth and circulated; but to Berthold's great alarm, the seat formerly occupied by the goblin, was still left vacant, as if his presence were expected with every returning evening. Besides this, little was said; both parties viewed each other with looks of suspicion, and that which had formed the best part of our traveller's entertainment—friendly converse, and the joyous song, was now wholly wanting.

At length the collier addressed his guest in the following manner:

"We know not what may have passed between you and our Brownie some years ago; but the consequences to us were difficulty, toil, fear, and anxiety. You are now about to pass another night under our roof, and I can only wish from my very heart, that your mind may be inclined to pure and grateful devotion; that you may disturb neither us or our Brownie. As far as regards him, indeed, it is not very likely that you will produce any pernicious effects upon his repose; although your head and your heart may still be devoted to gain and gold.—But hush! children—the hour of prayer is come."

The whole family now folded their hands; the collier rose with uncovered head, and again began the fine old hymn:—

"The forest now is hush'd in rest."

Berthold, with true devotional feelings, joined in the chorus, expecting every moment the Brownie's appearance, although in his former quiet garb and figure. But no finger tapped at the door—no one enter-

ed; a gentle light alone was seen in the room, and a soft melodious sound was heard, like the notes of musical glasses, when touched by the finger slightly wetted.

Prayers were scarcely over, before Berthold inquired the cause of the light and the sounds.

"'Tis our Brownie," replied the collier; "he never announces himself now, in any other manner. But to effect this, we have found it necessary to persevere in prayer, and to keep a careful guard over the purity of our hearts."

There was something in Berthold's bosom, which told him he was not worthy of passing the night here. He asked for his horse, though in a more friendly tone than formerly; it was soon brought him by the collier's eldest son, in a manner equally friendly; and the family bade him farewell, perceiving that his departure was not occasioned by an evil disposition, and instructed him in his road, which he now pursued with far different thoughts than when he travelled it before. He perceived nothing supernatural in his way; except that a beautiful stream of light occasionally rose before him, and shed a most agreeable and brilliant radiance over the shrubs and plants of the forest.

THE ADJUTANT.

The bird thus called may occasionally be seen in the booths of itinerant showmen in Europe; but, cooped up, dispirited, and shivering, it is as different from the magnificent adjutant that crowns the parapets of the Government House in Calcutta, or proudly watches over the barracks in Fort William, as "I to Hercules."

In their free state, (I will not say wild, for they are as domesticated as the dog or cat,) these splendid creatures stand about five feet high. To describe their figure and form would be superfluous. In their native country they strut about with a solemn, pompous step, seemingly as if aware of being held in much veneration. In fact, no one is allowed to molest them, under a fine of two gold mohurs for the first offence, and expulsion from India (if an European) for a repetition of it.

The reasons for the protection thus afforded to them, arise, in the first place, from their being looked upon as "sacred birds" by the Indians; and in the second, from their very great utility in destroying vermin and venomous reptiles, and their constant habit of carrying off carrion and other filth. From the latter quality, arises their *soubriquet* of "Calcutta Scavengers." Their military designation has been conferred upon them from the very curious circumstance of their never remaining in any place where soldiers are not to be found. They will follow even treasure-parties for thousands of miles, and will take up their abode in the smallest cantonment or garrison. Although in the most populous city in Asia, no adjutant will abide, should the troops be removed from it even for a single day. Add to this, his stately march, which never goes beyond ordering time, his long watchings which he keeps like a vigilant sentinel, his stiff carriage, &c., and you have the combined reasons for his being called the "adjutant."

In his free state he seldom rises high. He flies from house-top to house-top, till he sees some object on the ground worth his attention, when he suddenly descends to pick it up, and carries it back to his high perch. These birds have also a nasty habit of throwing their long legs perfectly horizontally from them, and skimming along about three feet from the earth, their heads poked out straight before them, neither looking nor turning to the right or to the left. Some few years ago an unfortunate *dobee* (a washerman) was running along in front of the Staff-buildings in Fort William, when suddenly arriving at the corner, where the brigade-major's house stood, he came full but upon an adjutant who was thus amusing himself. The bird was unable to check his flight, or alter his career, and the man, equally incapable of stopping, came into direct collision with him. The beak of the adjutant entered deep into the abdomen of the wretched native, who almost instantly expired. The force of one of these huge creatures when on the wing, must be more than equal to the power of a horse.

The cadets, and many of the European soldiers quartered in the fort, amuse themselves by watching the proceedings of these eccentric birds, and playing them various tricks. One of the strangest sights I ever saw, was the flight of an adjutant from the cadets' barrack, down a portion of the fort generally called Crow's Alley, from the myriads of those noisy birds that have built their nests there. He was sailing along, his legs trailing behind him, when, as usual, his inveterate foes, the crows, attacked him, pecking away at his heels as he floated slowly through the air, unable to turn himself round upon them. In perfect security they pursued him, annoying him in every possible way, and quitting him when he alighted for a moment on any tree or building. Unaware, however, of the approach of the adjutant, an unfortunate "hoodie" suddenly left the branch on which it was roosting, and flew across the enormous bird's track. The adjutant gave one snap, and, to my astonishment, (for I declare upon my honor I saw him do it,) he with little or no difficulty swallowed the luckless crow whole! I was curious to ascertain, as there exists a difference of opinion on the subject, whether the object thus taken passes directly into the stomach or the large pouch under the beak. In this instance I can positively affirm, that it must have gone through the regular channels of digestion, the pouch retaining its usual size, seemingly empty and flabby.

One of my brother officers used to amuse himself frequently after *tiffin* by throwing down meat into the yard, upon which two or three adjutants were sure to pounce. He would at the same time let loose a little Scotch terrier, and enjoy the fight between the birds and the dog. At length one

day, one of the former, more hungry than usual, snapped at Master Vic's leg, which broke like a twig in the bill of his gigantic antagonist.—Charles Frazer cursed the bird; but, as curses don't mend dogs' broken legs, the poor animal was maimed for life, to the no small chagrin of his master.

Another and more cruel joke, often played off on these creatures, is to tie two tempting pieces of meat together by a string some four or five feet long. Several birds instantly descend, and before the bird has had scarcely time to swallow one of the tempting baits, a second seizes on the other, and rising, as they always do when they have obtained food, they find themselves attached together by the piece which each has swallowed; and then comes the grand struggle, to see which shall compel the other to disgorge, like the Scottish beggar boy that has gained his bawbee by three licks and a wollop. Very often the piece of meat thus rendered up, is again seized on by another bird, and so on several times. I confess I looked upon this sport both as filthy and cruel.

The most dreadful instance of this kind, however, which came to my knowledge, was the following trick played off by an European artilleryman. Having got permission to come into Calcutta, he went to see some brother soldiers quartered in the fort, and, from mere idleness, began to tease the adjutants. Several practical jokes had been exercised on these greedy birds, when suddenly, determining to eclipse all the tricks of his companions, he stole into the *bobichi connar* (kitchen,) and selecting a well-picked marrow-bone, he bore it off, and filling it with powder, he affixed a slow match to it, and threw it down in front of a group of adjutants. In an instant it was seized and swallowed by one of them, who as instantly rose into the air with it. It had scarcely, however, ascended fifty feet from the earth when the powder exploded, and the wretched bird was blown to atoms, to the great amusement of the savage artilleryman.

These jokes, however, are sometimes attended with unpleasant results. Within a week afterwards this man paid somewhat dearly for his fun. A general court-martial was held upon him at Dum Dum, and he received, unpitied, I believe, by any one, six hundred lashes, for one of the most wanton acts of cruelty ever inflicted on an unoffending animal.

A HUGE FEDER.—At the town of Tabalak, Siberia, I had a pretty fair specimen, says a late voyager, of the appetite of a child, whose age as I understood from the steersman, who spoke some English and less French did not exceed five years. I had observed the child crawling on the floor, and scraping up with its thumb, the tallow-grease which fell from a lighted candle, and I inquired in surprise whether it proceeded from hunger or liking of the fat. I was told from neither, but simply from the habit in both Yakuti and Tongonai, of eating whenever there is food, and never permitting anything that can be eaten to be lost. I gave the child a candle made of the most impure tallow, a second, and a third—and all were devoured with avidity. The steersman then gave him several pounds of sour frozen butter; this was also immediately consumed; lastly, a large piece of yellow soap; all went the same road; but as I was convinced that the child would continue to gorge as long as it could receive anything, I begged my companion to desist, as I had done.

I have repeatedly seen a Yacut or a Tongouse devour forty pounds of meat in a day. The effect is very observable upon them, for, from thin and meagre-looking men, they will become perfectly pot-bellied. Their stomachs must be differently formed from ours; or it would be impossible for them to drink off at a draught, as they really do, their tea, and soup scalding hot, so hot, at least, that an European would have difficulty in even sipping at it, without the least inconvenience. I have seen three of these gluttons consume a reindeer at one meal; nor are they nice as to the choice of parts; nothing being lost, not even the contents of the bowels, which, with the aid of fat and blood, are converted into black pudding.

For an instance, in confirmation of this extraordinary statement, I shall refer to the voyages of the Russian admiral, Saricheff. "No sooner," he says, "had they stopped to rest or spend the night, than they had their kettle on the fire, which they never left until they pursued their journey, spending the intervals for rest in eating, and, in consequence of no sleep, were drowsy all the next day." The admiral also says, "That such extraordinary voracity was never attended with any ill effects, although they made a practice of devouring, at one meal, what would have killed any other person."

The laborers had an allowance of four poods of one hundred and forty-four English pounds of fat, and seventy-two poods of rye flour; yet in a fortnight they complained of having nothing to eat. Not crediting the fact, the Yakuti said that one of them was accustomed to consume at home, in the space of a day, or twenty-four hours, the hind quarter of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for his drink." The appearance of the man not justifying the assertion, the admiral had a mind to try his gormandizing powers, and for that purpose he had a thick porridge of rice boiled down with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds, and although the glutton had already breakfasted, yet did he sit down to it with the greatest eagerness, and consumed the whole without stirring from the spot; and, except that his stomach betrayed more than ordinary fullness, he showed no sign of inconvenience or injury, but would have been ready to renew his gluttony the following day.—*Boston Daily Circular.*

From the Young People's Book.

THE LOST JEWELS.

A TRUE STORY.—BY MRS. N. SARGENT.

Thirty years ago, I resided during the summer months at Rockaway, the celebrated watering place of Long Island.

The proprietor of the hotel, at which I stopped, was a man of sterling worth and character, esteemed by all who knew him. He was the benefactor of the poor, the friend of the widow and the fatherless—well educated, he was the scholar and the gentleman, possessing an urbanity of manner that won for him universal respect.

It was at the close of a July evening, that a carriage drove up to his gate, the usual inquiry being instituted, could its occupants be accommodated with lodgings. A dashing equipage seldom fails of drawing observation. There is an imprecision in wealth to which even the wisest and the best are apt to succumb.

An unusual bustle was created, servants were running to and fro, spreading the intelligence through the house of some great personage having arrived. The landlady fidgetted off to make herself a little more tidy, while even the dear old landlord himself, so seldom influenced by external show, closed the volume he had been reading, hurried his specs into their case, and darted forth to welcome the travellers.

A fashionably dressed female, with a perfect look of assurance, accompanied by a most languishing air, descended the steps, leaning upon the arm of her husband. All eyes were rivetted upon them with an observable curiosity, which to many might have proved a source of annoyance; but the lady had evidently been accustomed to the gaze of strangers, and to many the admiration of the most obscure individual is a grateful tribute to their vanity. She made a remark to her companion, in a tone too low to be distinguishable to any other person, while a half smile stole over the features of both of them. They had entered the house, and the lady was about proceeding to her chamber, when all of a sudden her face assumed a colorless hue, and seizing the arm of her husband, she exclaimed, "I've left the jewels on the carriage seat." "The jewels!" he repeated, with a dismayed look, "what carelessness!"—and hastening back, nearly overturning the landlord in his speed, he flew toward the gate.

The driver was still at the door seated on his box, surrounded by a group of boys, to whom he was retelling as much as he knew of the family history. "James," shouted his master, "what are these vagabonds doing here? Has anyone opened the carriage during my absence?" The man answered him in the negative, and pulling open the door he commenced a search after the jewels. Vain were all his efforts. They were evidently gone, and not one of the bystanders appeared able to give the least account of them.

The jewels, it seemed, were valued at several thousands, and the lady, for better security, had rode with the box which contained them on her lap from the city, and laying them on the seat as she was descending the steps of the carriage, had inadvertently forgotten them.

The authority for examining into the matter being procured, not only the servants and neighboring blacks, but every person upon whom the slightest suspicion could rest, underwent the strictest scrutiny, still nothing became elucidated.

It was the first robbery that had been committed in the neighborhood. The crime had been perpetrated at his very gate, and the unhappy landlord, when he found all further efforts for investigating the affair fruitless, was overwhelmed with mortification and chagrin.

Greatly to the surprise of everybody, the owner of the jewels upbraided him in the harshest terms, declaring it to be his opinion that all tavern-keepers should be made accountable for encouraging such a set of rascals hanging round their tenements and giving him directly to understand that he would let no opportunity slip of informing the public of the circumstance, and of ruining him in his business.

Too proud to reply to such injustice, the landlord turned indignantly away, and though the keenness of the blow was felt, there was a consciousness of innocence which supported him under the unmerited rebuke.

How greatly we are all swayed by public opinion, and yet how few there are that will not acknowledge the world often judges and condemns wrongfully.

There certainly was a feeling created in the landlord's favor, while all declaimed against the injustice of the other party, and yet but a few weeks had expired when his business began to decline, and ere the summer was half over his house was nearly empty.

For a time the unfortunate man bore up manfully under his unexpected misfortune; but at length his spirit drooped; the venom of slander, sharper than the serpent's tooth, had taken effect. He saw the character of his house injured, his own good name impeached without the power of repelling the charges brought against him, and he sunk into a state of pitiable despondency.

Children observe more of causes and effects than is generally imagined. If I was too young to enter strictly into the merits of the case, or to judge correctly of the motives which swayed the parties in the transaction, I could appreciate the excellent landlord's distress.

I knew he was in sorrow, that his unhappiness was caused by injustice, and, young as I was, my heart swelled with indignation towards the man who had so cruelly wronged him. By every little stratagem I was mistress of, I strove to beguile him of his grief. I had been his pet, his plaything, was always styled his little darling. He had known my parents from their earliest years, and sympathizing with my then orphan state, not a night had passed without his blessing me. Now he never noticed me; my childish pursuits wearied him; when I approached his chair, tremulously begging for a little song, such as he was wont to sing me, or for one of the many delightful stories with which his memory was stored, I was told to "go away, not to worry him, to be a good child, and keep quiet." I grew sorrowful, very sorrowful, almost as much so as the old man himself; and though I dearly loved him, and strove to repress all discontent, yet I began to long for the period of my departure.

One day I had taken a basket to gather eggs in, and having entered the barn, I observed a hen flying from a nest at the farthest extremity of the hay-mow. I had been forbidden to climb, and though I was anxious to procure the new-laid egg, the consequences for a moment deterred me. I believe no one ever felt at a loss for producing arguments to induce their doing wrong. I thought of the dear old man, of his fondness for an egg just newly laid, of his impaired appetite, and I hesitated no longer.

The difficulty of the ascent was greater than I had imagined, but I succeeded in reaching the eminence in safety. Proud of my achievement, I gazed down with wonder at the height I had attained, and was about looking in the nest to see what success I had met with, when a sudden dizziness came over me, and I lost my balance and fell. How long a time my faculties were suspended I know not, but on recovering from the stunning shock I had received, I found myself lodged safely over the horse-rack. Thankful that I had escaped without broken bones, or a discovery of my fault, I prepared to leave the place of my discomfiture. On my attempting to rise, I found my bruises so painful I could with difficulty move. It was now I paid the full penalty of my disobedience. Not daring to call for assistance, I sat sobbing over my misfortune till I had nearly cried myself to sleep, my distress appearing every moment more formidable. In my fall, one of my shoes had become nearly buried in the hay, and making an effort to regain it, I saw something of a bright red color lying beside it. On examining farther, I found it to be a box, and opening the lid, my astonishment surpassed all bounds. Never had Aladin experienced greater when gathering, what he supposed to be colored stones, out of the magical garden. I forgot my bruises, my griefs, everything, and for a time childish delight predominated over other feelings. The sun's rays shining through the crevices of the barn, fell directly upon the glittering contents of the box, with a degree of lustre I had never witnessed. I had seen diamonds singly set, but never before had such a sight met my eyes as that before me. It seemed as if I could look upon them for years, without feeling satisfied. Turning the box, I discovered some letters upon the inside of the lid, and then for the first time began to surmise the truth. Half wild with joy, I screamed for help to get down, that I might impart the intelligence of the jewels being found.

Never will the feelings of the moment be effaced from my remembrance, when I placed the jewels in the hands of the landlord, and informed him how I had discovered them. The box was no doubt hidden somewhere in the vicinity of the nest I had so elaborately pursued, and in my fall I had dislodged it from its hiding-place. He blessed me, called me his dear child, the saviour of his honor. There was not a member of the family that did not shed tears of thankfulness—and the day passed in thanksgiving and praises to God for their signal deliverance from trouble.

The thief had no doubt been deterred from exposing the jewels for sale by fear of detection, and contenting himself with twenty dollars, (the sum that was in the box,) had secreted them in the barn. Whether he intended regaining them was of course never known.

Upon the restoration of the jewels the owner expressed both his sorrow at what had happened and a determination to remedy the evil his obduracy had occasioned the landlord and his family. The circumstances became widely circulated, and now that the mystery had been cleared up, the journals of the day bore ample testimony to the excellence of his character, while the happy girl who had been instrumental under Providence in producing the result, had the satisfaction of seeing her friend's spirits and health regained, and his house restored to its former popularity.

Among the reminiscences of early life, there is no circumstance that affords the writer such inexpressible and heartfelt emotion as the recollection of finding the lost jewels.

IMPUDENCE.—Bacon has well described it as "The child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts, but nevertheless it doth fascinate, and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part; yea, and prevaileth with wise men at weak times; therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states, but with senates and princes less; and ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action, than soon after; for boldness is an ill keeper of promise."

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

A POPULAR SONG, BY MISS BROWN—ARRANGED AS A TRIO, BY G. J. WEBB AND L. MASON.

Spiritoso. *STACCATO*

1. 'Twas a trum-pet's peal-ing sound! And the knight look'd down from the Pay-nim's tow'r, And a

2. I knew 'twas a trumpet's note! And I see my breth-ren's lan-ces gleam, And their

3. I am here with my heavy chain! And I look on a tor-rent sweep-ing by, And on

4. Must I pine in my fetters here! With the wild waves foam, and the free birds flight, And the

chris-tian host, in its pride and pow'r, Thro'the pass be-nenth him wound. Cease a-while clarion, clarion

pen-nons wave by the mountain stream, And their plumes to the glad wind float. Cease a-while, &c.

ea-gle rush-ing to the sky, And a host to its bat-tle plain. Cease a-while, &c.

tall spears glanc-ing on my sight, And the trum-pet in my ear. Cease a-while, &c.

Andante.

wild and shrill! Cease! let them hear the captive's voice, be still, be still. 5. They are gone; they have all pass'd

by! They in whose rest I have borne my part; They that I lov'd with a brother's heart, They have left me here

to die! Sound a-gain, cla-ri-on! cla-ri-on pour thy blast! Sound for the captive's dream of hope is past.